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BEHIND THE TYPE

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Life size portrait-bust in bronze, by Jo Davidson

Photograph by Koller, Paris, 1935

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Behind The Type

THE LIFE STORY OF FREDERIC W. GOUDY

BY BERNARD LEWIS

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF

PRINTING - CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

OF TECHNOLOGY - PITTSBURGH

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PREFACE

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In February of 1938, the guest speaker at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Department of Printing at the Carnegie Institute of Technology was Frederic W. Goudy. Inspired by the life and work of Mr. Goudy, Bernard Lebovit, a student in the department, began preparation of the life story of America's foremost type designer. That story as presented here is a biographical narrative set forth in interesting style and replete with incidents and anecdotes hitherto untold.

While the essay was being prepared, Mr. Goudy gave freely of time from a busy life. When it was finished and offered to Mr. Goudy for comment he stated with characteristic modesty and singular praise, "I think you have handled a very ordinary life with skill and have given it a quality not attained by other ambitious attempts."

The task of putting the essay into book form was begun by Mr. Lebovit in the fall of 1939. Printing the book was undertaken as a student project and its publication was planned for the spring of 1940. However, unforeseen difficulties prevented publication as promised; Mr. Lebovit graduated, entered upon a career in the graphic arts, and became known professionally as Bernard Lewis. Publication became the responsibility of the 1940-41 seniors.

Delay in publication, which was disheartening at first,

brought good fortune. Laurance B. Siegfried, at one time editor of the *American Printer* (now University Printer at Syracuse University) showed galley proofs to Melbert Carey, the President of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Mr. Carey immediately suggested that the edition be increased to provide copies of the book for distribution as keepsakes for the A.I.G.A. members. That suggestion, when mentioned to Walter H. Fredrick of the Fredrick Photogelatine Press, brought an offer to contribute production work on the illustrations. Wishing to encourage the undertaking, the Russell-Rutter Company offered to co-operate in the binding of the book. A member of that organization, R. W. Bergmann, gave helpful advice while the book was being printed. Valuable technical assistance in the adjustment of our casting equipment was rendered by S. E. Haigh, Lanston Monotype Machine Company; A. D. Scott, Carnegie Institute Press; William F. Bremer, Pittsburgh Mono-Lino Company; and by Frank Bradlaw, Edwin H. Stuart, Inc. To all these men and to the organizations they represent, we extend our sincere gratitude.

Many students of the Carnegie Department of Printing have worked on the composition and presswork of the book. The services of these enthusiastic devotees of the graphic arts and the untiring efforts of the staff members who acted in an advisory capacity are acknowledged in the colophon.

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Head, Department of Printing

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THE LIFE STORY OF FREDERIC W. GOUDY

Behind The Type

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IT WAS THREE A.M. IN BLOOMINGTON, and a mournful chorus of bells reminded the townsmen that the funeral train was approaching. Dancing yellow lights began to appear in the windows, and shadows silently glided across the drawn shades. Soon the houses emptied, and their occupants walked toward the centrally located railroad station. The train was due to arrive in Bloomington at 4:43. Among the thousands that stood in the darkness on the edge of the tracks was Amanda Gowdy, a thin, well-knit woman, who held her infant son, Frederic, in her arms.

There was hardly a person in Bloomington that had not played some part in Lincoln's life. Even children had become aroused when a guest at one of the town's hotels had remarked that the great man had deserved his death. A general demand for a lynching followed, and the loose-tongued man had to be smuggled out of town. To express their great sorrow on Lincoln's assassination, the townsmen had held an indignation meet-

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ing in the Court House Square, and men who had been considered Abe's closest friends told of his associations with Bloomington. Lincoln had owned property there, had practiced law there, and it was there that the state meeting had been held during which his Bloomington friends had overcome his objections to being proposed for the presidential candidacy. Little wonder that thousands waited in the darkness, and that all schools and business houses were closed for the day.

It was after sunrise that Lincoln's body passed through the town. The throngs waited for a few minutes after the slowly moving coach had disappeared, and then started back to their homes.

Amanda Gowdy left with the rest. She was the wife of the Bloomington superintendent of schools, John F. Gowdy, a bearded, clean-cut, intelligent-looking man; stern, silent, and dignified, like the modern conception of the typical pioneer. Amanda with her dark hair parted in the middle and combed straight back, with her strong eyes, and steady gaze, seemed like an idealization of the typical pioneer woman. Strangely enough, they were what they seemed to be. John had been born on a farm in Ohio, one of nine children. He was a good student and persisted as far as his junior year in Knox College, which he left when offered a teaching position. He moved from place to place to find better positions and in that way came to Bloomington as principal of the high school, later being made the superintendent of schools.

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John F. Gandy, 1883



Amanda Gowdy, about 1878

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Amanda's story might have been similar to that of most girls of her day, had she ever thought of her life in terms of words.

The Gowdys lived simply, for John's salary was never more than they could easily spend. He had his school, his books; she had her home; and they both had friends, family, and church. There were very few opportunities for recreation—even for so precocious a town as Bloomington. Week-days meant work, Sunday meant church followed by a grand occasion—dinner—with perhaps Sister Belle and other guests attending.

It was those times and this environment that saw the birth of Frederic William Gowdy on March 8, 1865. He was too young to know that he was being held in his mother's arms when Lincoln's remains were being transported to Springfield, but he heard many stories of the great man during his youth, and he later became acquainted with Herndon, Lincoln's law partner. He often watched one of Lincoln's three closest friends, Ol' Jud Davis, who bounced down Bloomington's uneven streets in a buggy that sagged heavily on one side; and he knew the second of the three friends, Jesse Fell, the man who built and beautified Bloomington. He was later a guest at the hotel in Shelbyville that Lincoln once visited, and he expressed the opinion that he pined Lincoln if the accommodations were as poor in his day.

Frederic was as unspectacular as his background, and demonstrated only the usual abilities and talents to be

expected in a child of his age. He did show a waddling interest in the doings of the neighborhood whenever he could escape for an exploring trip, and Amanda had to tie him to the door-knob to make sure that he would be there when she wanted him. When the knob stopped rattling it was a danger signal. Like all normal boys he played, grew, and went to school. When he was about seven years old his family moved to Tuscola, in Illinois, to Rushville, to Rock Island, and back to Bloomington.

As he approached his ninth year, he began to evolve a personality of his own. It consisted of a love of play, an interest in reading, and a certain amount of forgetfulness. The family could never count on him to do anything that he promised, because he would always find something that would interest him more than the thing that he was asked to do.

Going to the store was a duty that usually fell on his shoulders. His older brother worked and was a little too old for the indignity, and his sister, "Jo," was too small. One cold fall day when he was about ten years old, he was sent on a five block trip to the baker shop and returned with both arms wrapped around the five loaves of bread that he had purchased for a quarter. The bag was breaking, his arms were frozen, and tears were streaming down his face. He was not comforted by his mother, who stood on the porch laughing at him. Fred evened the score when he later chose to carry a watermelon home from the grocery shop, allowing a delivery

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boy to engineer the other food. There was little left of the melon when Fred reached home. It would be difficult to believe that his mother laughed on this occasion.

Young Gowdy played baseball, skated a great deal, and enjoyed his daily morning and evening excursions to and from pasture with a neighbor's cow. When he was nine or ten, he could draw quite well, and enjoyed copying pictures from the illustrated magazines of the day. He developed a photographic mind by looking at a picture and reproducing it from memory with considerable accuracy some time later. About this time his father went to Wichita, Kansas, to assume a position as superintendent of schools, leaving the family in Bloomington. He stayed a year or two, and when he returned he brought, as a gift for Fred, a bow and arrow set that had been used by an Arapaho Indian.

Fred retained at least one tendency of his infancy—his wandering habits. One day he disappeared in the morning and his father spent hours combing the town for him. The prodigal son returned in the evening limping, in agony because of a stone that had worked itself into a cut in his foot. But his suffering saved him from an ordeal in the woodshed. When the pain had subsided and the family had calmed, Fred's simple explanation was that he had found an Episcopalian picnic, and since the good churchmen did not know his affiliations, they fed him sandwiches, and as long as they fed him sandwiches, he stayed.

Mark Twain might easily have used young Fred as the hero of one of his stories, for when Fred was ten years old he duplicated Tom Sawyer's fence white-washing stunt with five cords of hickory wood. His father had bought the wood, had paid a man to cut it with a circular saw driven by a horse on a treadmill, and for a quarter Fred's mother hired him to pile it neatly in the woodshed. Fred was not as clever a business man as Tom Sawyer because he in turn hired five boys at five cents each and did more work than any of them, only to find, when the time for the distribution of wages came, that he had nothing left for himself.

The spiels of the patent medicine sellers always appealed to Fred's imagination. Tools and mechanical contrivances of any kind also had a strange fascination for him. It was indeed a risk to send him on an errand when something was needed in a hurry. One day on his way to the grocery store he digressed in favor of a man who was demonstrating a pantagraph, an arm-like device for copying pictures and reproducing them in crayon or pencil, either enlarged or reduced. He persuaded his father to give him money to buy one, and later he made good use of the toy.

His father often found opportunity to play croquet with him. Aside from contacts like this, Fred had no really intimate associations with his parents. Displays of affection were not part of the Gowdy make-up. But Fred felt the influence of his father's interest, for he

made good use of dime novels that were novels of romance, of *Tom Sawyer's Travels*, *Piccola* of historical interest.

When Fred was in Bloomington, Indiana, he stayed for about a year, an extension of his stay. He strolled down to the workmen at the mill, reading, and really settled, the town of Butler, Indiana.

In Butler, John (school principal). The town consisted of about 50 churches, a grain hotel, three cream ball teams.

It was in Butler that short but satisfactory advertisement of in the *Youth's Companion* dollars was exacted brought his problem grammar school and the much-esteemed

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made good use of his library. He never touched the dime novels that were so popular in his day, but read novels of romantic influence like *Vathek*, *Undine*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Ficciola*, and plunged randomly into books of historical interest.

When Fred was thirteen the wandering Gowdys left Bloomington, moving to Macomb, Illinois, where they stayed for about a year. His experience here was merely an extension of his life in Bloomington. He occasionally strolled down to one of the numerous potteries to watch the workmen at their handwheels. He continued drawing, reading, and playing. Before he had time to become really settled, the Gowdy "whirlwind" moved to the town of Butler, Illinois.

In Butler, John Gowdy became the town's first high school principal. It was an interesting little place consisting of about 900 inhabitants, thirteen saloons, two churches, a grain elevator, four general stores, a mill, a hotel, three creameries, a cheese factory, and three baseball teams.

It was in Butler at the age of fifteen that Fred made a short but satisfactory contact with politics. He saw an advertisement of a lathe with a scroll saw attachment in the *Youth's Companion* for only ten dollars. But ten dollars was exactly ten dollars more than he owned. He brought his problem to his father who told him that the grammar school needed a janitor. When John Gowdy, the much-esteemed high school principal, suggested to

the Board of Education that his son be given the position of janitor, the worthy members grinned and consented. The job was a good one for a lazy boy like Fred. He came early in the morning to sweep out the few rooms, rang the opening bell, recess bell, and the closing bell. At the end of the month he pocketed ten dollars. He wasted no time in sending for the lathe. When it came and was set up, he immediately initiated it by making a set of croquet mallets, and some spools for an electro-magnet that he constructed.

His lathe did not remain anchored very long, for in a year the family migrated to Shelbyville, a flat middle western town, where John Gowdy took a position as superintendent of schools.

It was not long before Fred made new friends in Shelbyville. They went skating, swimming, and played ball together. But the lure of social recreation did not detract from his strong interest in creative work, for when his lathe was set up, and his tools in order, he built a flat-bottom rowboat which he completed successfully and floated on a nearby river.

He brought many of his carpentry problems to Frank Broyles, a newly made friend, who did all of the wood work for a plough factory in town. Broyles allowed Fred to use his lathe and showed him the use of other tools. Fred watched the craftsman for hours on end, took note of the deliberate exactness with which he executed each phase of his job. Broyles was unsullied

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by book learning and he analyzed each problem of his work intuitively. He taught Fred that the good craftsman followed a definite tradition in any piece of design or construction, and he showed him the subtle differences between a good and a bad plough beam. Fred watched Broyles plan and build a very difficult stair rail, and he noticed that his first step in the process was to lay out the job carefully with pencil and paper.

He soon found opportunity to apply the random training that he received from the carpenter. He was quite friendly with Jennie Trower, the daughter of the editor and publisher of the local newspaper, and he was once at her home during a time that it was being redecorated. Asa Blankenship, the paperhanger, was having trouble trying to fit the ceiling border around a curved space at the head of the stairs, and had almost given up his futile attempts. Fred watched him closely and involuntarily began to plan the job the way Frank Broyles would have planned it. He saw that he could measure the space, lay it out on paper, and cut the wall paper to fit his pattern. It seemed simple enough so he told Asa that he thought he knew how it could be done, and the thwarted paperhanger was not averse to letting him try. Fred took the measurements of the problem home, laid it out on brown paper, cut and pasted the wallpaper to this foundation, and gave it to Asa who had nothing more to do but use Fred's pattern to finish the job.

Broyles' influence was evident in another triumph of

building that the seventeen-year-old dabbler enjoyed. Fred had ambitiously started the construction of a steam engine but was unable to perform the intricate metal work involved in the piston and cylinder. His solution came when he thought of a substitute for the conventional metals, for Broyles employed Babbitt metal when he worked as a wheelwright. This metal had a low melting point and Fred could handle it by turning out molds with his lathe. He planned the job carefully and succeeded in constructing an efficient engine.

His high school days in Shelbyville were quite pleasant although in his actual school work Fred could not have been accused of being an overly brilliant student. There were no extra-curricular activities such as interschool sports, or clubs, and schools were generally considered tedious affairs. He was interested in the library, an after-school activity that his father had helped innovate on a system in which the students' parents loaned books that were redistributed among other students.

He was still interested in drawing, and became proficient in copying, as well as portraiture. When he was eighteen he did a good original crayon rendering, and a life-size crayon portrait of one of Shelbyville's citizens which was exhibited by Mr. Launey, the town photographer. The year before he had exhibited a copy of a wood engraving from one of the current magazines in the Shelbyville County Fair and had won first prize, earning an award of three dollars and a blue ribbon.

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To any who congratulated him he observed that there was little competition, but he admitted that he had a good eye and copied well. And to prove it he repeated another prize performance at the next annual fair.

He later demonstrated his artistic ability in a manner that brought him praise from many people in Shelbyville. His friend, Asa Blankenship, was papering the Sunday School room, and Fred noticed that between the ten windows in the room there were ten perfectly blank spaces that formed small panels. It occurred to him that it would help to fill them with the Ten Commandments, and it suggested the possibility of cutting out letters to form the words. He thought that he could do it so he spoke to some of the trustees of the church who finally and doubtfully consented. Fred drew an original alphabet of capital letters about three inches high, and strangely enough they looked something like a current alphabet called "Ornate," drawn by a man living today whose name is quite similar to Fred's. He went to the paint store and chose a solid-color maroon paper with a rough surface. By cutting out master letters he traced to the maroon paper, cut out the letters, and spaced them on a piece of paper the exact size of the panels. He spread out the work on Asa's tables, and used the paperhanger's tools.

This was an accomplishment in itself, but when Asa had finished Fred decided to fill the large panels on the walls with Bible quotations. He borrowed a type speci-

men book from the newspaper office of Mr. Trower, and from it copied initial letters and decorative pieces, cut out letters for tracing, and with the help of a girl whom he knew, he made over three thousand letters from gilt paper and pasted them in the panels inside a gold rule. It took him a month to complete the work.

He then left Shelbyville for the neighboring town of Bethany, to help his friend, Behymer, a contractor-carpenter, who was building a church. Fred's job was to convert plain glass into stained glass. He painted the glass to give it a frosted effect, and then painted in color over the frosted surface. When he returned home from Bethany, he found a twenty dollar check waiting for him from the Shelbyville church for his work on the Sunday School room. A little later, Colonel Smith, a very religious man, and one whom the citizens of the town greatly admired, said in a talk at the church that he had never seen a Sunday School room so beautiful. The trustees sent Fred another twenty dollars.

His parents and sister, "Jo," looked upon him rather indulgently despite all these successes. He didn't seem steady enough, and these little accomplishments were in the nature of play. No one ever granted Fred very much of a chance for success of any kind. But some admitted that he might possibly become a good sign painter.

Among the many things that he attempted to understand was electricity, comparatively undeveloped com-

mercially in 1883, went to work for a in Springfield, Ill. electrical plant and gave him burned and been discarded. He unpacked his lug carbon rods, and that he carried with a galvanic cell.

In Springfield he minister who had at Blackburn College too much civilized behavior a minister. He even struggled at day School. Now strongly on the s

His father thought him for a civil engineer him to study this his junior year at taking an examination intending to study But his high school required study and amination. Later,

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mercially in 1883. After graduation from high school he went to work for a sign painter and later a photographer in Springfield, Illinois. He spent his leisure hours in an electrical plant and became friendly with a worker who gave him burned-out carbons that would otherwise have been discarded. When he came home and his mother unpacked his luggage, she found the trunk full of the carbon rods, and his clothes squeezed in a small bundle that he carried with him. He used the rods to construct a galvanic cell.

In Springfield he had become well acquainted with a minister who had offered to obtain a scholarship for him at Blackburn College, a seminary, but Fred had experienced too much difficulty trying to refrain from undignified behavior in church even to think of becoming a minister. He was never a very religious boy, and he even struggled against the compulsion of going to Sunday School. Now, as a young man, he felt even more strongly on the subject.

His father thought that his natural capabilities fitted him for a civil engineering career, and he encouraged him to study that profession. After the completion of his junior year at high school, young Fred thought of taking an examination at the Illinois Industrial School, intending to study mechanical engineering if he passed. But his high school preparation had not included some required study and he did not attempt the entrance examination. Later, after he had completed his high school

work, he could have been admitted on his diploma, but his family was preparing to move once again. This time it was in the nature of a pioneer's trek to the new frontier country.

John Goudy (the spelling of their surname changed at this time since someone discovered that Goudy was the traditional Scotch spelling) was motivated by a double purpose in planning a trip to the Dakota Territory. He was not in good health, the change in climate was advised, and he was intrigued by the new country and an opportunity to open an office as a real estate agent. Many other people from Illinois were going, among them the Davis family with whom the Goudys were quite friendly.

John Goudy went first, followed later by Fred. John settled at Plankinton, Dakota, where he took up a quarter section of land, and proved upon it. He had heard of Highmore, a little prairie cow-town of about 500 people, located on the highest point of ground between the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. It was a more attractive community so John left his Plankinton holdings and moved to Highmore.

Under the arrangement with the government at that time, a man could pre-empt 160 acres, which was in effect an option on the land he chose. He cultivated the land, not less than five acres, and when he had lived upon it for six months, he could obtain a patent from

the government on more, John Goudy and E. O. Parker, obtained their patent also transacted generally in the village that is still known.

When they were to Illinois to bring arrived during a month before they cottage with his feet to the cellar. He suffered pressure being open door he could or dust approaching, jumped into the cell and violence straight the ground and was moved the cottage vicinity were shattered disintegrated and is around on the prairie his real estate office floor, carefully planned Thompson, was the clone. He was a High

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the government on payment of \$1.25 an acre. In High-
more, John Goudy set up a real estate office with a part-
ner, E. O. Parker, and made loans to farmers who had
obtained their patents from the government. The cor-
cern also transacted legal matters for the farmers, and
acted generally in the capacity of advisor. They even
planned a village in the northern part of Hyde County
that is still known as Goudyville.

When they were settled in Highmore, Fred returned
to Illinois to bring back the rest of the family. They
arrived during a turbulent period of reconstruction. A
month before they came, John was sitting in his little
cottage with his feet dangling in the hatchway leading
to the cellar. He suddenly heard the rush of wind and
felt pressure being exerted on the cottage. Through an
open door he could see a phenomenal column of mist
or dust approaching rapidly. Before the cyclone hit, he
jumped into the cellar. It came with increasing noise
and violence straight for the house, but struck a rise in
the ground and was deflected over the roof, and only
moved the cottage a foot or two. Other homes in the
vicinity were shattered. The roller skating rink was
disintegrated and its skates were distributed for miles
around on the prairies. The next day John walked into
his real estate office and found a dead man lying on the
floor, carefully placed on a blanket. The victim, Mr.
Thompson, was the only person killed during the cy-
clone. He was a Highmore farmer who had ventured out

from a storm cellar a few minutes before the danger had passed, thinking that the storm was over.

In addition to his real estate office, John Goudy held two public positions. Dakota was a territory and a superintendent of schools from civilized country was held in high regard. John was appointed county treasurer by the governor, and was later elected judge of the Probate Court.

As the son of a superintendent of schools from the East, Fred had a certain social position in the town of 400 or 500 people, and he went out with the banker's daughter. There were about twenty boys and girls of his age in Highmore and when he wasn't working in his father's office, he went out with "the gang." Fred was husky and active, and could handle himself well on horseback. He mastered the difficult art of riding a bucking bronco, and owned about five or six while he lived in Highmore.

During the summers, Fred and some of his friends went out on camping trips to a Sioux Indian reservation a few miles south of Highmore. The Indians paid no attention to them, but Fred managed to become friendly with some who had been in the Custer fight. Once a week a government agent distributed flour and sugar to the Indians, and the sight of these once self-sufficient people waiting patiently in line to receive food from their conquerors was the prime attraction of these occasional expeditions.

In 1885, when paper was started *Bulletin*; and from items of interest. The first read: "V for assisting in hand at pressing experience in the

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In 1885, when Fred was twenty years old, a newspaper was started in Highmore, called the Hyde County Bulletin; and from the very first issue on December 26, items of interest began to appear about Fred Goudy. The first read: "We are under obligation to Fred Goudy for assisting in putting up our press. Fred is an old hand at pressing, and was of material aid to us, as our experience in that line is limited."

About this incident Goudy later said "I do not have any recollection of the matter. At most it could have been little more than a desire to help set up a hand press, because I was probably more mechanically inclined than the publisher—not that I knew anything about a press or was interested in it or printing. The 'pressing' was intended to be facetious."

In an issue on February 13, 1886: "Fred Goudy has our thanks for a fine crayon sketch of President Cleveland." And on March 27, 1886: "Fred Goudy is now a full-fledged notary. Come in and be sworn."

Goudy later said: "I was notary public for some years, as the work of preparing deeds, mortgages, etc., for my father's business made it convenient. But in those days you couldn't throw a stick without hitting one or two notaries."

The editor of the Bulletin also reports that Fred Goudy had been asked to design a "fancy insurance policy for some promoters and produced a very creditable job."

On October 16, 1886, a column was started, headed

"I. O. of G. T." (Independent Order of Good Templars) and the editor's introduction read: "This column, under the management of Fred W. Goudy, D. G. C. T., is devoted to the interests of the Good Templars and all interested in temperance work. Items calculated to advance the cause are earnestly solicited."

March 12, 1887: "Fred Goudy is agent for the Guion line of steamers and can furnish passage to Liverpool, Havre, and continental points cheaper than any other agency in the northwest." June 4, 1887: "Fred Goudy is taking lessons in shorthand under G. W. Fitzgerald."

September 3, 1887: "Fred Goudy killed a rattlesnake Sunday morning, on the back road from Fort Thompson, with the butt end of a buggy whip. It measured three feet and eight inches and was as large as a man's wrist. It had eleven rattles."

John Goudy was mentioned in the October 9, 1886, issue: "We saw Judge Goudy going out northwest last Sunday. We presume that he is getting acquainted with strange roads, preparatory to an electioneering journey. The Judge is an old hand at the biz."

An item of general interest refers to a J. R. Goudy, a distant relative of the Goudys. This appears in November, 1886: "Rev. J. R. Goudy has taken his new appointment, the Howell M. E. Circuit in Hand County. Mr. Goudy was among the pioneers of Hyde County, and with whom in days gone by we had many courtesies. Should the preaching of any man change our

thoughts from what Goudy, as we know does, a gentleman. R. Goudy. . . took preacher at that. H

February, 1887: C. T. U. new officer was elected treasurer

August, 1887: "Eva Warner, and Thompson this week

February, 1887:

drama have decided as the time for play will be one of the in Highmore, and be interspersed with very interesting play and thus help on in the play.

June, 1887: "We will give you a warrant. (Signed)

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thoughts from what they now are, it would be Brother Goudy, as we know he is honest in what he says or does, a gentleman in all respects." Fred later said: "J. R. Goudy, . . . took up preaching and was a pretty punk preacher at that. He did break off his drinking."

February, 1887: "At a meeting of the Highmore W. C. T. U. new officers were elected. Mrs. J. F. Goudy was elected treasurer."

August, 1887: "Fred W. Goudy, A. E. McCune, Miss Eva Warner, and Miss Charlotte Root rusticated at Fort Thompson this week."

February, 1887: "The members of the 'Social Glass' drama have decided upon Friday evening, February 2, as the time for presenting their play to the public. It will be one of the most thrilling dramas ever presented in Highmore, and while radical in temperance, still will be interspersed with comedy and pathos, and will be a very interesting play throughout. Let everyone attend, and thus help on a good cause." Fred was "the villain" in the play.

June, 1887: "We don't wish to buy any farms, but we will give you as large a loan as your improvements will warrant. (Signed) John F. Goudy and Son."

In his father's office Fred learned a little about keeping books; he drew deeds and mortgages, and occasionally took Easterners to the government office at Huron to secure a list of the available tracts of land on which the newcomers could settle. Young Fred knew the land

well, and he mastered the complicated maps of tracts and townships so that he could take a settler to the exact location of his quarter section. Their real estate office was large, and when the county commissioners hired a man to draw a map of Hyde County, the job was done there. Fred watched him at his work and noticed how he handled his instruments.

His knowledge of the use of surveying instruments surprised the county surveyor who was attempting to lay out a cemetery near Highmore. He needed someone to lay out the lines for him and Fred said that he would like to help him. The surveyor was unconvinced, and Fred had to do a great deal of talking before he was even given a trial. He used the transit well, calling the inclination accurately each time. The surveyor admitted finally that Fred could use transit and line proficiently. After this incident his services were conscripted whenever the surveyor needed an assistant.

When he was about twenty-three years old, Fred attempted a business venture of his own. With an English preacher named Walton he established the Anglo-Dakota Loan and Trust Company. Fred wrote the initial literature for the firm, and instructed the printer as to the style of the typography. The preacher was not successful in selling stock for the company, so they never made any loans, and soon stopped trying.

Hard times descended on the Dakota lands. Hail and drought killed crops and farms were in the discard.



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Preliminary sketches of a Goudy type face



At work in the mill

His father's firm suffered from the farmers. He had to begin thinking for himself. While working he taught himself bookkeeping, seeing possible openings that his best opportunity was to bring to an end the happiest years of his life by himself, and he left his family in Minneapolis. His first trip was to St. Paul. He stayed at the hotel where he had kept up a correspondence to Minneapolis to stay for a few weeks, rest and was able to

In the city he began large department store work, no more than his father's office in Minneapolis. It was a large lived. There were a recreation which appealed

He stayed in Minneapolis, Springfield, where named Wilson who



His father's firm suffered, since its major business came from the farmers. Fred was twenty-four years old and had to begin thinking of a profession and a future for himself. While working with his father's firm he had taught himself bookkeeping, and after carefully considering possible openings at home and abroad he decided that his best opportunity was in a large city. It was not easy to bring to an end his happy life in Highmore—the happiest years of his youth—but the necessity to attain something by himself was stronger than mere sentiment and he left his family and friends and went to Minneapolis. His first trip was in the nature of an excursion. He stayed at the home of a man who had bought land from his father's firm a little earlier, and with whom he had kept up a correspondence. When he came back to Minneapolis to stay, he again visited with his friend for a few weeks, remaining there until he found a position and was able to support himself.

In the city he became a cashier and bookkeeper in a large department store. He didn't care very much for the work, no more than he had liked the routine work in his father's office in Highmore, but he did like Minneapolis. It was a large city, the first in which he had ever lived. There were theaters and many facilities for recreation which appealed to him.

He stayed in Minneapolis almost a year, then went to Springfield, where he worked in the office of a man named Wilson whom he had met some years before.

His previous experience in Springfield, when his family was still living in Shelbyville, also led him there. But this time he only stayed for two or three months. Wages were low and the work did not interest him. He decided to write to Richard Alden, a Chicago financial broker, with whom he had had business contacts in Dakota. He applied for a position with Alden and was made "private secretary."

In January he left Springfield for Chicago. His new work combined many of his capabilities and interests. Alden attempted to get capital from prospective investors for the financing of a new machine or process, and Goudy wrote and designed prospectuses describing the mechanical functioning of the apparatus. Alden liked Goudy's typographic arrangements. They were simple, neat, and logical, and appealed to Alden, who insisted on perfection in the appearance of the correspondence and literature of the firm. But his difficult requirements in the way of perfection were rather unpleasant at times for both Goudy and the firm's competent stenographer, Bertha Sprinks, a charming young lady who had been employed by the firm about three weeks after Fred.

Goudy's salary was as small as his title was grand, and after a few months he left Alden to take a better position. Bertha Sprinks left a little later. They had become quite friendly and occasionally went to the theater together. More often, because of the rather unhappy condition of the Goudy pocketbook, they spent an evening

at her Chicago home in Lincoln Park.

His next position was equally familiar, for assistant in a real business, real estate business, real estate business. In Dakota, number of small advertisements had no training in design, but he appreciated naivete and simple wallpaper and the ville. In his approach to anything, he simply achieve and did the problem was a checkered by a sense of

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His next position was one with which he was thor-
oughly familiar, for he became bookkeeper and general
assistant in a real estate firm. For the success of their
business, real estate agents depended on good adver-
tising. In Dakota, Goudy had written and designed a
number of small advertising pieces for his father. He
had no training in merchandising or in layout and de-
sign, but he approached each problem with the same
naivete and simplicity with which he had solved the
wallpaper and the steam engine problems in Shelby-
ville. In his approach to advertising, as in his approach
to anything, he simply saw what he was attempting to
achieve and did the best he could to achieve it. Each
problem was a challenge and he was certainly not im-
peded by a sense of inferiority.

After about a month in the real estate office, occasion-
ally writing copy and designing small folders or news-
paper ads, an incident occurred that made Goudy even
more conscious of the possibilities of advertising; and,
more important, it made him conscious of his possibili-
ties in advertising. A client of his firm was attempting
to sell an old farm in Massachusetts and indicated that
he would like to put an ad in the *Chicago Tribune*. The
real estate agents frankly told the client that he stood lit-
tle if any chance of selling his property. But Fred, with
characteristic ingenuousness, felt that it could be done,

and he was given permission to write and design an ad that would be run for one day. He found a woodcut of a farmhouse, and neatly arranged his copy under the cut using the appealing caption "In The Family 150 Years." The day after the ad appeared no one came to ask about the farm. But on the second day two interested prospects came, and one of them traveled to Massachusetts to see the property. After succumbing to the romantic appeal of the advertisement, the hopeful buyer found that the old New England mansion had been over-described by the advertisement.

The outcome of his efforts in advertising amazed the young bookkeeper, for none other than A. H. McQuilkin, the editor of the leading printing journal, the *Inland Printer*, came to the company's office to tell Goudy how much he liked his unusual taste in design, and to ask for an article on advertising. His ads were unusual for they were simple, whereas the rococo design of that era was as intricately inane as it could possibly have been.

Soon after this Goudy met Cyrus Lauron Hooper who, he found, had lived in Shelbyville. Hooper was an instructor in English at the Northwest High School in Chicago. They became very friendly and saw each other often. Goudy was talking and thinking a good deal about advertising and conceived the idea of publishing a small magazine devoted to problems of advertising. In a short while Goudy and Hooper began to plan *Modern Advertising*. Hooper conferred with an "expert" who advised

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him against starting such a venture with a man as inexperienced as Goudy. But Editor McQuilkin had already introduced Goudy to Will Bradley, a young illustrator and designer, whose work was becoming increasingly important. Mr. Bradley had promised to design the cover for the magazine and the young advertising missionary was not interested in the opinions of experts.

The first issue of *Modern Advertising* carried the following editorial announcement: "*Modern Advertising* is designed to fill a hitherto unfilled niche and will be free from captious criticism or wish to displace any similar journal. It is the aim of the publisher to promulge the best thought on the art and science of advertising, dealing with the practical side of the subject, with just enough of the theoretical to enliven the necessarily dryer details. The study which goes to make the best efforts will be to the advancement of the advertiser's interest." The first issue which was sent to prospective advertisers contained reading matter with blank spaces showing positions in which ads could be placed.

The first issue brought some encouraging correspondence. One rabid Westerner wrote: "Dear Sir: We think there is a great big field for *Modern Advertising* providing it is published from a Western standpoint. If vim, vinegar and snap are put into it, it will arrest the attention of the effete East in a manner that only the West is capable of doing."

Modern Advertising met misfortune from the very first

issue when Associate Editor Hooper mixed up a few dates in a short biography, and it ceased to exist after a few months. It served as a good laboratory for Goudy who through it began to collect information on printing and design.

Bookkeeping and unsuccessful magazines were not helpful to the pocketbook of a young man with a large appetite, and Fred Goudy was again, as often was the situation in his life, on the borderline between have and have not. Opportunities for recreation were scarce and money for the existing diversions was even more scarce. But he occasionally enjoyed the company of Bertha Sprinks, who after leaving Alden's real estate office had moved with her parents to another part of Chicago. They both owned bicycles, and they often went out together on Sunday picnics to the outskirts of the city.

He had continued his reading since childhood, and his interest in reading now became localized in books about books and printing. He soon became a naturalized member of the tribe that haunts bookstores, the greatest attraction at the time being the shelves of A. C. McClurg and Company, then located at Wabash Avenue and Madison Street. Here he bought *Early Illustrated Books* by Alfred Pollard and *Early Printed Books* by E. Gordon Duff. His empty exchequer compelled him to peruse many more books than he bought, but he slowly picked up information about this new interest. He also bought some of the more advanced magazines on art and literature, such

as the *Chapbook* and *American and English*.

One day in 1892, saying that his father had found his father a then fatal peritonitis, Goudy was counted of his death. Fred returned to Chicago.

The friendship they spent many summer of 1893, Chicago World's

When he was taking as a bookkeeper bookstore. He had rested in typography McClurg's and his Saints' and Sinners Millard, a friend of the Corner." He cal printing; he spoke to Hooper tempt another convinced Hooper thing shop this time

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One day in 1892 Fred received a letter from Highmore,
saying that his father was sick. He hurried home, but he
found his father already dead; he had succumbed to the
then fatal peritonitis, due to gall bladder trouble. John
Goudy was county superintendent of schools at the time
of his death. Fred stayed in Highmore for two days, then
returned to Chicago.

The friendship between Fred and Bertha continued.
They spent many Sunday afternoons together during the
summer of 1893, wandering through the exhibits at the
Chicago World's Fair.

When he was thirty years old, Fred was still work-
ing as a bookkeeper, but now it was in a second-hand
bookstore. He had by this time become deeply inter-
ested in typographic art and craft through his visits to
McClurg's and he met many noted bibliophiles in the
Saints' and Sinners' Corner, presided over by George
Millard, a friend whom Goudy called "the Patron Saint
of the Corner." He wanted to learn more about practi-
cal printing; he wanted to start a press of his own. He
spoke to Hooper about it, and the pair decided to at-
tempt another venture together; or rather, Goudy con-
vinced Hooper that they should do so. It was a print-
ing shop this time, and they called it the Booklet Press.

In space sublet from another printing establishment,
the Booklet Press blossomed out in 1894 with an 8x12

Gordon press, a small stone, a half-dozen fonts of type, a little money from Hooper, and a vast amount of enthusiasm from Frederic Goudy. From the very beginning they were in debt for the equipment, and in 1895 business was in the trough of the cycle. Goudy knew almost nothing about the mechanical problems of producing a printed page and his early attempts were in the nature of experiments. Hooper was still teaching school and he could do nothing more than supply the cash and come down to watch Goudy use it. But people liked Goudy's experiments and business increased.

A business increase meant purchase of equipment to Goudy, not better food or improved sleeping quarters. During these days he ate at times and at times did not. A friend of his owned a restaurant and Fred often paid for his meals by printing commutation tickets for him. He sometimes went to a dime museum or to a "burlesque," which, in 1894, was a variety or vaudeville show, and not particularly interesting. When he had nothing to eat he fed his mind at McClurg's in conversation with George Millard or one of the customer bibliophiles. He also continued his acquaintance with the doings of William Morris and other masters. By then he had become a recognized fixture in the Saints' and Sinners' Circle. Berda Sprinks was by no means lessened in importance by these activities. Goudy continued to see her, and their friendship deepened.

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Goudy the boy. He was still like the tyke who forgot the things he promised to do in favor of things that he enjoyed doing more. His methods of work were subject to much jesting among his friends. Robert Ballou, later editor and publisher of the *Ben Franklin Monthly*, reports at "second hand" that "A customer would come into Goudy's office, perhaps at two o'clock in the afternoon with a job that must be completed the next morning at eight. Goudy would take it on and give the most solemn promise in the world, planning to devote the rest of the day to the job. But about the time the customer's footsteps died away, one of the boys would come in and suggest gallery seats at the Majestic, and Goudy would go. Then it would be dinner time and there would be some friends to talk to. About bed time, the eight o'clock promise would be remembered, and Goudy would go back to the office and start his work; perhaps at three o'clock he would leave with the job finished."

Goudy was characterized by an enviable directness, an objective, non-emotional approach to all his problems, and a rich sense of humor. This could be seen in his work, in his speech, and in the things that he liked. He disliked affectation. When he thought that a thing was wrong, he would condemn it in no uncertain terms. He was impatient with unintelligence and excessive ritual or submission to fetishes. He applied his direct, simple analysis to anything that presented itself to him. In his youth religion annoyed him. His father was religious and forced

Fred to go to Sunday School. But he could find little evidence to convince him of either ability or intelligence in most ministers, and he saw too much of the "old ladies who knew the Bible word for word, but who knew little of the actualities of life." As he grew older, he quit going to church and did not hesitate to call himself an agnostic. He didn't believe in reincarnation and he was also very doubtful of the existence of a hereafter.

At this time in his life he might have starved to death and conclusively solved his doubt as to the existence of a hereafter had his work not been good enough to attract a steady customer to the Booklet Press. Goudy had been collecting copies of the new and neatly designed *Chapbook*. W. Irving Way, a friend of Goudy's and an admirer of his work, introduced him to the *Chapbook* publishers, Stone and Kimball, who were then planning to locate in Chicago, and were seeking a printer. This was an excellent occasion for a demonstration of good typography, for the material in the little *Chapbook* demanded the companionship of careful printing. Some of the contributors were well-known writers, such as Hamlin Garland, Bliss Carmen, Louise Guiney, and Nathan Haskell Dole. The price of the magazine was as modest as its size, five cents the copy.

In printing the *Chapbook* Goudy engineered a simple stunt that amazed printers and made him the subject of much discussion. He at first could find no type suitable for printing the *Chapbook* because of its small size, but

after taking measure of the "Old Style" and an admirably close designed and set by

As a printer he was disgusted with the fact that he could do better, if he tried. So he better amuse himself in his room and seek to the Dickinson's best note stating the dollars. He knew those in use, but the manager of the sale.

With the *Chapbook* the Boulder Press then in the heart and the name was Goudy's type for the name of the jobber of its "staff" and draw decorative studied Nadall and the surveyor many other occasions he tried he disco-

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after taking measurements he ordered nine point "Original Old Style" cast on an eight point body, achieving an admirably close fitting of type. The magazine was designed and set by Goudy, but printed by a larger plant.

As a printer he was well acquainted and thoroughly disgusted with the ivy-covered type faces in use. He felt that he could design a face at least as good, perhaps better, if he tried. So one night when he could think of no better amusement, he seated himself near the window of his room and sketched an alphabet. He sent the drawings to the Dickinson Type Foundry in Boston, with a modest note stating that he thought the design was worth five dollars. He knew that his letters were as good as most of those in use, but he hardly expected the ten dollars that the manager of the foundry sent him in consummating the sale.

With the *Chapbook* to set and a few other good customers the Booklet Press was moved to the Caxton Building, then in the heart of the old printing district of Chicago, and the name was changed to the Camelot Press. Later Goudy's type face was called "Camelot"—suggested by the name of the press. The Camelot Press had as a member of its "staff" a young artist, Berne Nadall, who could draw decorative material when it was required. Goudy studied Nadall as he had studied Buyles in Shelbyville and the surveyor in Dakota, and said, just as he had on so many other occasions, "It looks easy, I'll try"—and when he tried he discovered in himself a sensitivity to correct-

ness of line that helped him to develop an unusual skill in rendering appropriate decorative drawings.

In 1895, Goudy saw an essay entitled "The Black Art," which he liked so much that he reprinted it, with an introduction of his own, in a sixteen page pamphlet. Goudy's introduction shows clearly the lines along which he was thinking.

"In the *Engraver and Printer* for January, 1894, appeared an article from the pen of D. B. Updike, which so nearly voiced our own idea as to taste and style in printing that we have endeavored to bring it (slightly abridged) to some who probably didn't see it at that time.

"Not all printers will agree with him. Some prefer to work along the florid lines demanded by many customers. We hope to inculcate in those for whom printing is done a love of harmony and simplicity. We propose to become the exponents of a style that cannot be assailed. Bizarre effects may have their place, few know the place; uniqueness may be desirable, but if it cannot be had except at the expense of good taste, then it had better be unattempted."

Daniel Berkeley Updike later became one of the greatest figures in the graphic arts. About the future of the young printer who liked Updike's ideas—we shall see.

The young printer did not print very much longer. The business was in need of capital, and Goudy habitually undercharged his customers—and overworked himself. Jobs took a great deal of time, especially at the beginning.

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Hooper had become a high school principal and could give very little time to the firm. But Goudy's downfall came when, at the suggestion of Hooper, the firm took in George L. Hunter, a foreign rewrite man on the *Chicago Tribune*, who became the "outside man." Hunter knew nothing about printing except that the cost of materials and labor must be kept as low as possible and the price must be an extreme in the other direction. In 1896, Goudy sold his share in the firm for \$100, and a few months later the sheriff's notice announced to all who cared to know that the Camelot Press was history.

Goudy then returned to his old standby, bookkeeping, and attempted designing only as a side line. After the sale of Camelot, he designed another face which he hoped to sell to the Dickinson Foundry. He went to Clarence Marder, of Marder, Luse, and Company, and asked him what he would suggest as a selling price for the face. Marder suggested \$35 and added that if Goudy didn't sell it to Dickinson, he would buy it from him. Goudy did sell it, but he quickly designed another that Marder liked and bought. He also sold Marder some decorative ornaments.

During all of this period Goudy continued to seek the companionship of Bertha Sprinks. She had moved with her family to Berwyn, Illinois, in 1894, and Fred often rode out on Sunday to visit with Bertha and her family. Later she was employed in the office of a metal company in Chicago and they frequently met during lunch hour, Goudy sometimes calling for her at the office. One day

Mr. Winchell, the manager of the company, said to her, "You don't want to marry that man, he'll never amount to anything." But Bertha thought otherwise for in June, 1897, they were married at her home in Berwyn, and that night they left for Detroit, where Fred had secured a position as bookkeeper-cashier for *The Michigan Farmer*.

By this time Goudy's interest in books and book design had become thoroughly aroused. In McClurg's Mr. Millard had shown him a Vale Press copy of the *Poems of Sir John Suckling* and Goudy immediately recognized its superiority over any book he had ever before seen. George Millard pointed out other books, such as those of Emery Walker, William Morris, St. John Hornby, T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Charles Ricketts, D. B. Updike, and others. The Newberry Library collection provided Goudy with an opportunity to study early books and book design.

In Detroit Goudy continued designing ornaments and initial letters. Bertha was interested in his work and when he received an order from a St. Louis foundry for two sets of initial letters, she inked in his pencil designs as she had done even before they married. The Camelot design appeared while they were in Detroit. His duties as an employee of *The Michigan Farmer* left him little time to be applied to his avocation as designer. But the bookkeeping did not interfere with the designing very long, for in 1899 he lost his position and moved back to Chicago where he established himself in the Athenaeum Building as a free-lance designer.

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A record of his work during the next three years of his life could easily have filled a volume. He helped Ralph Fletcher Seymour with a hand-lettered copy of *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and he independently hand-lettered a volume of *Mother Goose*, the letters of which were later used as the model for an alphabet cast by a St. Louis foundry, and labeled "Hearst." He also did an article, some reviews, and a cover for the *Inland Printer*. He designed book covers, bookplates, head pieces, title pages, "dingbats," and some commercial lettering and designing. Some of his clients were Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Marshall Field and Co., The A. C. McClurg Company, and H. S. Stone and Co. For McClurg's he specialized in book covers. His first was a shamrock leaf design for the *Dear Irish Girl*. Another early book cover design, that for *Fables in Slang*, by George Ade, is remembered because of the thrill the designer experienced when he walked past McClurg's window and saw it filled with copies of the newly published book. Goudy's book cover designs showed his love for and knowledge of traditional design. Usually they were appropriate drawings of entwined leaves or branches. He took great pains with his work and nothing left his drawing board until he was thoroughly satisfied with it. He experimented, erased, and shifted lines, to produce results he could accept.

Bertha kept busy all this time in an art-craft not entirely dissociated from her husband's work. Goudy had seen and read to her an article on hand weaving, and

they both became interested in it. They bought a loom from someone in Boston and studied some books on the subject. They made many rugs and succeeded in selling some of them.

Not long after they returned to Chicago from Detroit, a son, Frederic Truesdell Goudy, was born. During that month the breadwinner had earned a total of eighteen dollars. Later to round out their family they adopted a girl, five hours old, whom Dr. Louise Acres, Bertha's family physician, had recommended to them. They had spoken to her about such a possibility after Frederic's birth. They loved the child as if it had been their own, and her death five months later was a severe blow.

In 1900 Frank Holme, a newspaper artist, started the Frank Holme School of Illustration and asked Goudy to teach lettering and illustration. Through Holme he met many men who later gave him commissions, and became friendly with some whose work was later to make them famous in various branches of the graphic arts. Among them were the artist, W.A. Dwiggin, the cartoonist, Harry Hirshfield, and the type designer, Oswald Cooper, all of whom were pupils at the school. His work as an instructor at the school compelled him to do the research and reading that formerly he had done as he pleased. He actually had to study to keep ahead of his students, and to preserve the illusion of omniscience that students attach to those that teach them.

Goudy did not end his career as type designer with the



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Camelot design. He followed it with DeVinne Roman, Pabst Old Style, Pabst Italic, and Powell. In 1903 Kuppenheimer and Company asked Goudy to design an exclusive face for use in their advertising. The result was a pleasing alphabet that has been described by Goudy as "generous in form, with solid lines and strong serifs, and without preposterous thicks and thins." Kuppenheimer liked the design, but they could not be convinced that they should pay the price required to have the matrices manufactured, and type cast. They returned the design to Goudy with a small payment for his time. The design seemed excellent for book use, and Goudy wished that he could cast it and see how close he could come to the book work of some of the private presses.

As his early years demonstrated, there was little difference between his wanting to do something and his doing it. He kept his ear to the ground until he found an opportunity of starting a private press of his own. It came in the person of Will Ransom, a young printing enthusiast who was studying at the Art Institute in Chicago. Ransom had operated a small press of his own, the Handcraft Press, in Snohomish, Washington. While in Washington he had seen samples of Goudy design reproduced in the *Inland Printer*, and he learned more about Goudy and his work from W. Irving Way whom he had met in Seattle. In Chicago, Ransom was disappointed with the instruction at the art school because there was little taught about typography and design, in which he was particularly in-

terested. In the spring of 1903 he went to the Fine Arts Building to meet Goudy, and his diary entry for that day records the fact that "He (Goudy) is very pleasant and treated me extremely well."

In about two weeks Goudy, seeing Ransom's interest, suggested that he come up to his office and help him with his work on the "possibility" that he might learn something. Ransom occupied the desk recently evacuated by Billy Dwiggins, who had been helping Goudy. Both Goudy and Ransom were deeply interested in the work of the private presses and they often discussed the possibility of modifying and casting the Kuppenheimer type and starting a private press of their own.

Goudy, who avidly insisted on the project, had little money to spare; Ransom likewise had little but he appealed to a friend for help. The friend replied that he too had little money but would help them get some. By this time they were so anxious to get started that this quasi-promise was all the encouragement they needed to bring Goudy's alphabet design to Robert Wiebking to be cast into type. In about a month they had the type in their cases, and they bought a Schniedewend and Lee proof press that in Goudy's words was "only a glorified Washington hand press for newspaper use." They set up their modest equipment in the barn behind the Goudy's home in the village of Park Ridge, a suburb of Chicago. Even before all the type was in the cases, they set their first circular, an announcement of

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the opening of the press. They called their venture the Village Press, for Goudy was thinking of printing the "Village Blacksmith" and the word "village" suggested the name, which he thought simple and suitable.

The friend who had vaguely promised to help them get money was unable to do so, and before they could claim their type Ransom had to borrow money from a bank, using insurance policies for security. Ransom made this entry in his diary: "The type finally all arrived Monday night (July 20) and Tuesday morning we went to press with the first circular. The tympan and frisket sheets gave us a great deal of trouble on account of the paper not being stretched properly, and the ink, for a part of the time, refused to work at all so that we had a pretty hard time of it, making poor work of the circular. . . . Decided to reprint the whole thing on Alton Mills Handmade and that is on the press now ready to be run first thing in the morning." This describes the troublesome birth of the Village Press. Nor was it the end of their troubles. They were struggling with strange equipment, determined to get perfect results and they were satisfied with nothing less.

It was not long before Bertha Goudy began coming into the shop rather regularly, often finding something to do. Within a week after the type was in the cases she began learning how to set it, and according to all records she learned the job rapidly and thoroughly. With Bertha's interest in the press and with the burn-

ing enthusiasm of the male participants, it was not surprising that often shop and home changed places. Since the barn had no lights, a type frame was carried into the dining room so that type could be distributed and set at night.

Ransom lived with the Goudys for the three months that he was connected with the press. Among the items in his diary he recorded this otherwise forgotten sidelight: "... Little Frederic was a toddler that summer but occasioned much less distraction than the several pets. A single memory of two Blenheim spaniel pups concerns their being carried in my coat pockets on trips for the mail, to the delight of the neighborhood children. And there were 'thousands of cats' (well, four anyway) eternally underfoot. Two of them are dim in recollection but the black angora had a fiendish temper and the white Lady Jane was, euphoniously, temperamental. It was she who achieved typographic immortality by a trip across ink slab and table when we were putting dust wrappers on *Printing*. My copy still bears her footprints. And so close were home and shop affairs that her eventual departure for the feline equivalent of Nirvana (via chloroform and wash boiler) was accompanied by communal grief."

C. Lauson Hooper, remembering an episode during a visit prior to the Village Press period, also tells of cats. "On at least one occasion when we sat down to dinner a long-haired, fluffy-tailed Persian whose aristocratic

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blue blood had oozed through his skin and tinted his fur, leaped confidently upon the table and made for Fred's plate. I was horrified. What could I do if that beautiful animal should try to share my dinner! Fred was not horrified—not at all. He treated the cat with perfect courtesy. Seeming to regret its possible disappointment in being thwarted, he picked it up tenderly, talked to it soothingly, petted it, and put it down upon the floor. Up came the cat again, and the program was repeated—how many times I do not recall! Frederic Goudy's handling of the cat was typical of his gentleness in treating both animals and people. He was very approachable, eminently sociable, and people could not help liking him. He retained his directness of speech and intellect among their friends; he began to gather a kind of fame to himself for his humorous stories and his unfailing modesty.

Their first book, *Printing*, an essay by William Morris and Emery Walker, was completed by the middle of September. By printing this Goudy recognized his obligation to William Morris, the great poet-printer, from whom he had learned so much. Their second book, *The Blessed Damozel*, was printed for Clarence Marder, an old friend of Goudy's, who took one-half the edition and distributed the books as Christmas gifts, Goudy selling the others. Toward the end of September when they started work on *The Hollow Land*, Goudy borrowed money and repaid Ransom for his loan. Ransom

then left the Village Press, and Fred and Bertha Goudy continued the work alone. It had become apparent that they would never earn enough from the Press to support all three so Ransom withdrew. By this time Bertha had become an indispensable helper. She demonstrated exceeding adeptness in composition and helped with the binding and presswork. The Village Press became a husband and wife adventure, for the Goudys worked side by side, sharing every problem of shop and household. Their work made them companions, and fellow-workers, and although the Village Press was supposedly a business, the beauty derived from their combined lives and their combined, intense enthusiasm invested the Press with a personality that made the products of their labor much more valuable than merely beautiful books. An enviably perfect marriage, theirs.

Stories that have drifted down from those early days of the Village Press show that the Goudys laughed together perhaps as much as they worked together. Once some little boys in the neighborhood came to watch the strange activity in the barn, and one of them asked Goudy what type metal was. Goudy said "an alloy of lead, and tin, and antimony." Another boy came and a member of the enlightened crew asked the newcomer the same question. He said that he didn't know and claimed that the interrogator didn't know either, which brought the prompt reply: "I do too, it's lead, and tin, and alimony."

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On another occasion Bertha registered a "last laugh." During a bicycle trip before they were married, Bertha's machine hit a stump and she had executed a somersault over the handlebars, much to Fred's delight, and her chagrin. But in the Village Press Fred matched her fall with a back-flip through the barn door when his perspiring hands had slipped from the hand press lever on the extreme point of impression. He landed on his back with his feet up in the air. Fortunately only the press was injured.

During the time that book production at the Village Press was in full swing, money was a very scarce item in the Goudy household. Goudy kept his office in Chicago and continued his designing to pay for the materials used by the Press. Mrs. Goudy continued working with her loom and they occasionally sold one of the beautiful fabrics that she wove.

Their work was in keeping with the best traditions of the Arts and Crafts Movement of the day which was based on the belief that perfect craftsmanship was an expression of the personality of the worker, manifested by hand labor. The Goudys were acquainted with the broad movement through an occasional purchase of the magazine, *Handicraft*, published by the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts. It seemed to them that the eastern section of the country would be more sympathetic to their craft ideals than the mid-west. Goudy was attracted by an advertisement in back of *Handicraft* and an

article on "Village Handicrafts" both of which spoke of the Hingham Society of Arts and Crafts, Hingham being a small village on Boston Bay in Massachusetts. Fred was anxious to learn more, and with some money derived from the sale of some of Bertha's rugs he made a trip to Boston to "spy out the land." He came back convinced that there were greater opportunities in the East. Bertha realized that she would be leaving her family, and that both would be leaving their friends, but when Fred asked her if she would like to make the move, she answered that she would go to Timbuctoo if he wanted to go.

They moved in early March, 1904. Later in that year they received news that encouraged them to seek even greater perfection in their bookmaking. For their first three books, completed at Park Ridge, they had been awarded a bronze medal by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition held in St. Louis.

In Hingham they became friendly with the minister of the New North Church, Rev. Charles E. Park, who was interested in printing and actually set the type for his Sunday School lessons. He often came to the Goudy shop or the Goudy home—there was no difference—to visit or to set type. The Goudys were amazed at the way he could tie up a block of type. He took the type in his hands and holding one end of the string in his teeth he would tie it as though it were a package. It was Mr. Park who, for a later anniversary celebration

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"In 1904 Hingham fifteen miles from Boston, inhabited by stationers who had settled there, the sole aim in life was to help other people's in the world.

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of the founding of the Village Press, wrote his "Hingham Interlude" that so wonderfully catches the spirit of the Goudys at work in Hingham as to make any story of their activity during this period incomplete without it. Rev. Park wrote:

"In 1904 Hingham was a typical New England town, fifteen miles from Boston, almost as old as Boston, inhabited by staid self-sufficient families whose ancestors had settled the place eight generations ago, and whose sole aim in life seemed to be just to exist and supervise other people's existence. They had the kindest hearts in the world and the most restricted horizons. Hingham was good enough for them, and whatsoever was not of Hingham they viewed with a curiosity whose initial impact of disapproval might in the course of time be overcome, but not easily. Why the Goudys elected to make this town their home was a mystery. Perhaps the recent organization of an Arts and Crafts Society had something to do with it. At all events, they came. They took a little story-and-a-half cottage and settled down.

"There were just four of them: Mr. and Mrs. Goudy, little Frederic, and Roxy, the beautiful Persian kitty. Inquisitive neighbors had an exciting time speculating on their ilk and calibre. There was the furniture for instance; what could be in those great solid crates, which four men and a set of rollers could just budge? Such questions were speedily answered. The crates

blossomed out into a huge Franklin press, about half a ton of type, and all the paraphernalia of a print shop. The Village Press had moved to Hingham. The local printer at first took alarm. But he soon learned that here was no ordinary job printer to compete with him, but a Press with an ideal and a burning determination to fulfill that ideal. This point having been properly settled, Hingham accepted them, and went serenely on.

"Yet to a chosen few, the advent of the Goudys was a momentous event. Their little house was a fascinating combination of home and workshop. The front parlor was the shop. A small middle room was occupied by Billy Dwiggin, who arrived a few months later, and still later brought the new Mrs. Billy who proved to be a quiet, gracious little body, always reading. Hingham had never seen people who lived with such zest. They were the soul of friendliness, but had little time to indulge the emotion for its own sake. For them life had a purpose; to create beauty and to be thorough about it. They threw themselves into their work with a kind of ferocity; laboring, criticizing, cursing mistakes, discussing, speculating, sometimes disagreeing, sometimes exulting, always with a fierce intensity of idealism that invested life with new meaning for delighted onlookers.

"Could it be very important that there should be no 'rivers' in a page of text? or that the color should be so exact? or that the paper should be just so damp? or that the register should split a hair? Here were a great many

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"Mrs. Goudy was the typesetter. Once she was asked how she set a page so clean and even.' I don't know,' she replied, 'I just seem to have the knack.' At that time they were using the Village type, designed of course by Fred. It was a revelation to observe how he had imbued his letters with a kind of mutual affinity so that they seemed to combine of their own accord into words, and once combined the words became units in themselves. You did not notice the letters, you saw the word as a whole. Mrs. Goudy was a rapid worker, and incredibly accurate. She was slender, nervous, full of gaiety, with a pair of unforgettable eyes that missed nothing, and long, sensitive fingers that told her, through the delicacy of their touch, as much as most persons could see.

"The work consisted of getting out dainty little booklets that should be flawless gems of the printer's art. There were Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *The Poems of Governor John D. Long*, President Eliot's *Address on Massachusetts* and so on. The necessary pot-boiling was done by designing display advertisements for some big store and occasionally redrawing a type face for some foundry. Once in a while Fred was induced to print the program or order of service for a local conference or meeting. One day a Boston architect, Edwin J. Lewis, came to Hingham for such a meeting. He picked up the program and exclaimed, 'What bully good printing you have down here in Hingham.' Even he did not know

how good it was, or what pains had been taken over that simple job.

"That was the trouble: the work of the Village Press was too good to be appreciated by any save the illuminati. How could people know; or what could they care that hours had been spent tramping Boston streets to get just the right ink; or that the paper had been kept for days in the damp cellar; or that the job had been run on a Colt's Armory press with its even squeeze, and not an ordinary jobber of the clamshell action? Money came slowly for these reasons, and one must suppose that money was as necessary in that household as in any other. It was another case of voluntary self-sacrifice at the bidding of the ideal.

"There were moments of deep depression. One evening a friend called, and found the Goudys exhausted after a hard day's work. They had set and run, on the hand press, five hundred sheets of a four-page form. The caller read the sheet with his fresh eye and had the poor taste to discover four errors. Instead of keeping his mouth shut, he called attention to these errors. At first he was all but murdered; but later he was wearily thanked, and the next day five hundred corrected sheets were run.

"Once in a while they did stop to eat. Mrs. Goudy would wash her hands, vanish into the kitchen, and in fifteen minutes announce that dinner was served. But even at meals, the topic of prime interest was not the

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food but the job. Fred's favorite dessert was coffee jelly with plenty of coffee for flavoring. It was a striking dish to look at, almost jet black and almost snow white, just the way a printed page should look. And when he served it, he would inquire, 'Will you have some of the roller composition?'

"Our New England towns have strong character and need a lot of understanding. A stranger taking residence is greeted by a kindly suspicion: 'What right have you to intrude?' On taking his departure, he is looked upon with incredulity: 'Having sampled our town, how can you leave?'

"The departure of the Goudys from Hingham was received with an apparent indifference which perhaps they misunderstood. It was not indifference, but bewilderment that anyone should voluntarily go away when they could stay. To their friends, however, their removal was a cause of profound regret, only dispelled when the future proved the wisdom of the step. . . ."

Goudy had continued his occupation of hand-letterer and designer throughout the Hingham period, for their book printing, interesting though it was, was not lucrative. He received a few commissions from Boston and New York, and even from Marshall Field and Company in Chicago, but these were not sufficient to keep them going. They completed five books in Hingham, and the last two financed their move to New York after two years in Massachusetts.

In New York, Goudy set up an office on East 28th Street and began doing free-lance work for advertisers. His activity as a printer did not start for several months, until he and Everett Currier, a Hingham friend, went into business together. Business failed to materialize, but Goudy established a very valuable friendship with Mitchell Kennerley, publisher, who had an office in the building. Kennerley was familiar with Goudy's work and he soon learned to like the man as much as he admired his work. Goudy met Morgan Shepard who had just come from San Francisco, and who made an arrangement with Goudy to establish the Village Press in his quarters in the Parker Building on 19th Street, taking his rent out in trade. Goudy then began doing printing and designing for Kennerley and others.

But the Goudys still did not eat regularly. On many occasions they were forced to open poor little Frederic's penny bank to borrow money for the subway trip downtown. Once they were able to avoid a five-mile walk home, after they had "fasted" all day, by a visit from a man who bought a fifteen-dollar book. Legend has it that the prospect of food was so welcome that the Goudys ran pell-mell down the twelve flights of stairs and reached the street ahead of the customer who had taken the elevator.

Fred Goudy's genial companionship and his famous stories, and Bertha's sincere manner and excellent dinner parties won them many friends in lonely New York.

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Friendship and business were inseparable items to the Goudys. About that time the famous Stowaway Club first came into existence composed of "kinspritz" in the graphic arts. Goudy was recognized by all as the "master raconteur" (a reputation which he thought not fully deserved) of the club, an organization for the bolstering of pure comradeship.

Later Goudy formed a partnership with Ivan Somerville, in a publishing business called Ivan Somerville and Company, but this did not last very long, for the relationship was not very satisfactory and the products of their press were not the type of books for which Goudy cared. It seemed that partnerships were meant for men with less stubborn individuality than Frederic Goudy, and he learned that if he were ever to achieve a lasting success, it must be achieved alone.

In 1907 Kennerley moved his quarters to that famous bookstore, "The Little Book-Shop Around the Corner." The "quiet, Old World atmosphere" of the place appealed to Goudy, and he was a frequent visitor. Through Kennerley he met Laurence Gomme, a member of the "Little Book-Shop" firm. The book shop was, in true English tradition, at once the office of a publisher and a store where the books of the publisher were displayed. It was here that Goudy met Edward Dickson, publisher of *Platinum Print*, later called *Photographic Art*. Goudy had designed a cover for *Platinum Print* and his knowledge of the structure and history of letters prompted

Dickson to request him to write a series of articles on the alphabet. In addition to his other numerous activities, Goudy now became a writer.

A visitor to the Goudy office in the Parker Building could have had no doubt but that someone was working there. His desk was strewn with papers, and in order to find something he usually had to go through the entire pile. He attached small value to the work over which he had spent such painstaking hours. His precious matrices and drawings were carelessly scattered about, and he could not afford insurance for his equipment. One day Oscar Shaw, superintendent of the building, dropped in as he frequently did to talk with Goudy and noticed the matrices for the Village Type in a pigeon hole in his desk. When he learned their value, he suggested that Goudy put them in a safe place in the superintendent's office.

When the customary revelry tokened the arrival of the year 1908, the Goudys were just finishing Bliss Carman's *Gate of Peace* and a week later 150 copies of *The Lover's Hours* were printed and ready for binding. Late in the afternoon of January the tenth, Eva Dean, a friend of the Goudys came up to the office and invited Bertha to go shopping with her. Since they had reached a lull in their work, Bertha went, and Fred and little Fred went home early. For a few weeks previous, they had been working until quite late in the evening. This evening they spent quietly at home, Bertha sewing, Fred



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reading. At 8:30 the telephone rang, Bertha answered. "It's Everett Currier," she said. "Yes, Fred is here. Is the Parker Building burning?" Goudy was stunned. Bertha calmly reported, "Currier says the Parker Building is on fire, you'd better hurry down."

Goudy dressed rapidly, and took the downtown subway at 116th Street. He emerged from an exit within the fire lines and the police ushered him to safety. The "fireproof" building was a veritable furnace, the brick walls neatly trapped the white hot interior, and only occasional spurts of flame shot out from the windows. Goudy stood on the corner and watched the Village Press melt and disappear. All their books, their equipment was gone. He stayed for a few minutes, and then called Bertha, who was waiting anxiously at home. "The joke is on us," he said, "everything is gone."

Everything was gone except the matrices for the Village type which were in Shaw's safe, that luckily was housed in an unburned portion of the building, and twenty-four copies of Bliss Carman's *Gate of Peace* which had been mailed to subscribers. But the Goudy family was still alive—they escaped the fate of some who stayed after the elevator had stopped running—and in other respects the fire was not the tragedy that it first seemed to be. The Goudys had lived from hand to mouth during the existence of the Village Press. All the money that Fred earned through his designing had been used to buy materials for the books, and so much time was taken up

in the production of books that their sale hardly made the effort worth while. Now Goudy was forced to start a business where no large outlay for rent and materials was required and almost immediately after the fire he was making more money than during the existence of the Press. At the time, of course, they did not realize that the fire might have beneficial results, all they knew was that something they had loved and owned was gone.

Shortly after the fire, Alfred Barlett, a friend living in Boston, sent Goudy \$25 and told him that he could repay it in work. The manager of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Worthy Poor, a man for whom Goudy had done a little work, called the day after the fire and offered him \$100, which Goudy refused. Other friends also offered help, but he accepted only the \$25 and a loan of \$20 from another friend.

Goudy worked at home after the fire, and later established himself in the offices of Kendall Banning and Company where he again free-lanced and paid for his rent by doing work for Banning. It was during this period that Goudy completed his sixteenth and seventeenth type faces, the 38E Roman and Italic, which he drew for the Lanston Monotype Machine Company. After producing the Village Type he had designed Cushing Italic, Engraver's Title, Boston News Letter, Copperplate Gothics, Globe Gothic, Caxton Initials and the Caslon Revised. Most of his types were good, but none had been received with the popularity of some of the

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faces of the old masters; he had not earned the fame of a Garamond, Caslon, or Bodoni.

Early in 1909 Fred expressed a desire to go to Europe and encouraged by Bertha's "Well, why don't you?" he resolved to earn enough by the summer of that year to pay his expenses to Europe and back and still leave Bertha with enough to keep her and Frederic until his return.

The plan was successful, so in July he left for Liverpool on the White Star liner *Cedric*. He quickly made friends on shipboard, especially among the many school teachers that were taking the trip. He traveled second class, and he and his friends enjoyed themselves so much that the crew had a difficult time keeping the first-class passengers from joining them. Something went wrong with the boat as they neared England and they landed at Holyhead, in North Wales, instead of Liverpool. This provided an opportunity for him to enjoy an unexpected trip through Wales, a country that he otherwise would never have seen.

Goudy stayed at a boarding house in London where he paid the equivalent of \$3.75 a week for his room and breakfast. He bought a map of London and planned an itinerary for his trips each day. After breakfast he walked to the designated place—he never took a bus or tram unless the distance was entirely too great—he would return about 11 a. m., eating only a piece of unsweetened chocolate for luncheon. He rested for an hour

or two and went off again until 5 p. m. when he ate a full, inexpensive dinner at Lyons, ABC, or Slater's restaurants. In the evening he usually went to the vaudeville—and then to bed.

He took with him to England two letters of introduction. One of these was addressed to Alfred Pollard, then Keeper of the Books of the British Museum and the author of the first book on printing that Goudy ever purchased, and another to Emery Walker, who shared with William Morris the authorship of *Printing*, the first book that Goudy ever printed. Pollard showed him things that the tourist would ordinarily never see. Walker showed him the Kelmscott and Morris items in his large collection. On their first meeting Walker said, "Morris would have liked knowing you," a remark that was to Goudy ample recognition of his hard work.

Goudy also spent much of his time in the British Museum, and many of London's bookstores. From London he traveled to Brussels, where he stayed overnight, and then to Switzerland. He spent part of the week in a small Swiss hotel in Interlaken, in the shadow of the Jungfrau. It was noon of a cloudy, overcast day when he arrived at his hotel. His room faced west, a fog bank being the only visible scenery. He sat down to write a letter. When he raised his head, the fog had cleared, presenting full view of the white-crowned majesty of the Jungfrau, bathed in pure sunlight—a sight that completely entranced him.

From Switzerland, he went to Paris where he spent a

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week. He met an American friend, Orville Peets, who was studying art there, and who helped him understand many things that he would have missed because of his lack of knowledge of the language. Orville met him during mealtimes at a restaurant in the Latin Quarter, and planned an itinerary, giving him directions for finding spots he wanted to visit, then went back to his classes. Each evening after dinner, and after school, they visited interesting parts of Paris that Goudy would not otherwise have seen. He sat for hours in the Luxembourg Gardens, watching people, and listening to the orchestra. He saw the palace, visited the gallery, and snubbed the National Printing Office.

He returned in August and rented an office on 28th Street where he again free-lanced his designing and his lettering. Later in their Brooklyn home, the Goudys installed a small Golding press, a type cabinet, and began book printing with *The Songs and Verses of Edmund Waller*, employing as substitute for the Village Type, which had not been recast since the fire, the Original Old Style Italic. At an earlier date, Goudy had drawn some missing letters of this face for the founders. Mrs. Goudy set the type for this book as she had for all the other Village Press books except the first. By this time she had earned a solid reputation for her skill in composition.

Next summer the entire Goudy family took a trip to Europe. Frederic T. was eleven years old by this time. Holland and Italy were the only countries that they vis-

ited that Goudy had not seen the year before. Although this was purely a pleasure trip, they benefited by whatever of typographic interest they chanced to see. In the ancient Louvre, greatest of the palaces of Paris now used as a museum, Bertha kept guard while Fred clandestinely took a rubbing of three Roman stone-cut letters that later became the Hadriano alphabet.

Later in that year an incident occurred that brought Goudy international recognition almost overnight. The story has been engagingly told by Mitchell Kennerley in his *Metropolitan Memo*: "Late in the winter of 1910 I asked Mr. Goudy if he cared to plan for me a volume of ten short stories by H. G. Wells. I furnished him with a dummy made up by Alvin Langdon Coburn, who was to illustrate the work with photographs. Mr. Coburn had already made the photogravure prints, and they gave us a key to the size of the volume. Mr. Goudy made the layouts for two pages and sent them to Norman T. A. Munder in Baltimore, asking him to set them in 18-point Caslon, 38 ems wide. This would make the page size about eleven inches by fifteen inches.

"The specimen pages set by Mr. Munder were excellently well done, but a certain feeling of 'openness' in their appearance bothered Mr. Goudy. (He did not then realize that it was the wide fitting of Caslon that prevented the solid, even effect he was so intent upon securing.) Mr. Goudy explained to me the kind of page he would like. He wanted an appearance in the whole page

of solidity and compactness, putting more content already in the Caslon. Mr. Munder, Mr. Goudy to possess exactly what he either too formal for use in a book.

"No other solution. Mr. Goudy suggested that the type might have its forward weight. We agreed upon the type were begun for the Old Style."

"Mr. Goudy had imported by Biss (Oxford) and finished the letter. As the drawings from the pattern form and give it the necessary. The drawings completed before the type had been set. Goudy began to

It took Goudy the alphabet, lower case completed drawings cutting the Kern

of solidity and compactness, but he wanted it without putting more color in the individual letters than was already in the Caslon type shown in the specimens from Mr. Munder. Mr. Goudy knew of no type that seemed to possess exactly this character—those available were either too formal or refined or too free and undignified for use in a book of this sort.

“No other solution of our difficulties being at hand, Mr. Goudy suggested the making of a new face which might have its first use in this book and which afterwards might be offered to other printers for their work. We agreed upon this course of action, and the drawings were begun for the alphabet now known as ‘Kennerley Old Style.’

“Mr. Goudy had always been attracted by the type imported by Bishop Fell for use by the Clarendon Press (Oxford) and from it he took his inspiration for the new letter. As the drawings progressed he soon drew away from the pattern letters in an endeavor to modify the old form and give it a new expression of beauty and usefulness. The drawings were about one inch high and were completed before February 18, 1911. By March 25 the type had been cut and cast in the 16-point size, and Mrs. Goudy began setting trial pages for the book.”

It took Goudy only a week to draw the complete alphabet, lower case and capitals—and the same week he completed drawing his Forum Title capitals. The cost of cutting the Kennerley type was at first a problem, but it

was settled by Goudy paying for the cutting out of the weekly fee that Kennerley agreed to pay him against the printing. But later when the type was offered to printers it was received with such enthusiasm that the financial details worked out with little difficulty. Kennerley type was to receive great praise at home and abroad, and it was the start of a growing fame for the man who at one time was granted a grudging success as a sign painter and against whom his wife-to-be had been warned as one who would never amount to anything. Paul Johnston, author of *Bible Typography* has said: "American printing, helped by the activities of a group of artists located in Boston and New York was now showing signs of improvement, most marked in the work of a group devoted to the production of 'fine' and 'limited' editions. Goudy's offering of Kennerley to the general printer gave much force to the first wedge to break the reign of sordidness in general American typography."

There was no doubt now but that he was a "Type Designer." He displayed both Kennerley and Forum Title in a small magazine format which he called *Typographica* and undertook the sale of his types himself. They sold well, but Goudy sometimes despaired when he saw how badly they were being used by printers. One day a man came to him and said that he had heard of Forum Title and wanted to buy some. He picked out some fonts which totaled about \$15 and for payment he drew from his pocket a roll of bills two inches in diam-

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eter. The sale was quite satisfactory, but as the man was leaving, he handed Goudy his card, printed on a cheap, colored circus bristol combining seven or eight types in a new bid for the booby prize in typography. Most printers thought that in some mysterious way a good type would mean good design no matter how used.

With an increase in his business, he moved his office from his home to a shop on Madison Avenue in Manhattan where he printed, designed, and sold his own type. Printers don't sell type, and since he owned the matrices from which the type was cast, he opened an additional department which he called the Village Letter Foundry. In 1912 the Foundry issued another *Typographica* showing the Goudy Oldstyle and a new size of Kennerley with small caps for the three sizes. Acting as salesman for Goudy, the little magazine fulfilled its intended purpose and through Mr. Earle, publisher of the *Lotus* magazine, who admired and used the Kennerley, news of Goudy's types spread to England. On a trip to England in 1912 Earle showed one of the Caslons a copy of something set in Kennerley and this representative of the Foundry asked Earle if he thought Goudy would sell the English rights to the face.

During the summer of 1913 Goudy and young Fred again took a combined pleasure and business trip to England. They landed at Plymouth and, sending their luggage on to London, they began walking, carrying with them only a haversack holding necessary clothes.

The first day they made eighteen miles, but they averaged only ten to twelve miles a day from then on. They walked through Salisbury, Romsey, Christchurch, Exeter, and other quaint English towns, remaining overnight in old inns. As they walked, the father said to the son, "Do you see the top of that hill yonder? It's far away, but little by little, one step at a time we'll get to it. And that is the way with everything in life." Fred T. was not convinced. "You can't build a battleship that way," he answered. But his father thought differently for he stated, "If given enough time, you could." From Plymouth they visited beautiful Christchurch, not far away, and while the father admired the splendid architecture of the old Priory, the son watched a speed boat on the river. In London, Goudy met the Caslons who advanced him one hundred pounds on account in exchange for the English rights to Forum Title, Kennerley, and a partly finished text.

From Brooklyn the family moved to Forest Hills Gardens on Long Island, where Goudy had bought a plot of land on Deepdene Road. Later in a booklet issued by the citizens of Forest Hills entitled "Why We Chose Forest Hills Gardens for Our Home," with typography by the Goudys and printing by D. C. McMurtrie, Fred Goudy said that they came there because of "the desire to live on a road with individual characteristics, with wayside greens and flowers, to have unrestricted view of distant country, trees with birds to sing in them, and

space for our own home—Forest Hills. Goudy continued his activities in his Forest Hills home.

In 1914 he married his friend, Clarence M. Caslon, and several more of his friends were handled by the government at the military vise. Goudy's money, Goudy's Caslon representing being given for a demonstration of the Caslon type which had been that the Caslon type from which but since they were in the country, he had to Caslon's gave him to carry with him his own German subscription. By accident both carried Goudy, Goudy's pocket. Goudy that it would have characteristically

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space for our own flowers and garden, fresh air and a home—Forest Hills Gardens seemed to offer all these." Goudy continued his designing and Village Press activities in his Forest Hills home.

In 1914 he made another trip to England with his friend, Clarence Marder, of the American Type Founders Company, and sold the Caslons the British rights to several more of his types. War was about to break and the government already had English trade clenched in the military vise. Transactions involving the sale of metals were handled by the government, and in order to get his money, Goudy had to go to the War Office with a Caslon representative to explain that the money was being given for materials purchased before any actual demonstration of hostilities. Part of the arrangement had been that the Caslons would keep the punches and matrices from which to cast type for themselves and him, but since they were unable to ship any metal out of the country, he had to recut a set of matrices for himself. The Caslons gave him two duplicate bills of exchange, one to carry with him and one to mail, in case any of the active German submarines should take a fancy to his boat. By accident both bills went over on the same boat that carried Goudy, one in the mail, and the other in Goudy's pocket. Goudy, thinking of the money, later said that it would have been bad if the boat had been sunk, characteristically forgetting that he too had some value.

With Goudy selling his types to English founders, and

English authorities praising his work, some American foundries also began to notice him. Through Clarence Marder, the American Type Founders Company learned of Goudy's transactions with the Caslons and he was asked to call on the president. As a result of this interview Goudy designed several faces, the most famous of which, his Goudy Oldstyle, became the "parent design" for the "Goudy Type Family"—most of the "family" being drawn by American's designers without Goudy knowing about it. Later the American Type Founders prosecuted another foundry in Goudy's name for stealing Goudy's Forum Title. The case was dismissed because the defendant proved that Goudy had once stated that the Forum was based on an ancient stone-cut letter. Types are not nor can they very well be copyrighted, and the lack of sympathetic understanding on the part of the courts has not made it any easier for designers to profit from their efforts. Goudy often suffered because of this attitude.

By 1916 he had issued two more small pamphlets. One, *A Novel Type Foundry*, showing some of his types, initial letters, and ornaments, and the third *Typographica*, showing all the available sizes of Kennerley. By the end of the war, Goudy began to pass on to others his working knowledge of letters and letter design, for as editor he issued "a miscellany of printing lore in the form of a quarterly," called *Ars Typographica*. Kennerley published Goudy's first book, *The Alphabet*, which

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New York Art Students

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Unfortunately, there are many stories of people who were astonished by a real person (not a character) who was more than just Gaudy. The advent of the postcard and printing, typographic design, and the attractive than the considered Gaudy men who "kept losing theirs" the for Fred Goudy time and shared

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Goudy wrote in his third year as instructor in the New York Art Students' League.

By this time his types alone were performing miracles in changing American typography. Peter Beilenson summarized clearly the part played by these new types when he said: "Goudy . . . was primarily a mellow, friendly fellow-human, who had risen from the ranks through taste and skill; and what he offered to printers was the friendly, mellow beauty of types they could appreciate. And appreciate them they did!"

Unfortunately, not all printers were so affected. There are many stories like the one of the southern printer who was astonished when he found that Goudy was a real person (not a mere name) and was responsible for more than just Goudy Oldstyle. Furthermore, with the advent of the post-war "modern" style in advertising and printing, types from foreign lands seemed more attractive than the work of American designers, and some considered Goudy "old-fashioned." But among those men who "kept their heads when all about them were losing theirs" there was a place set aside in the world for Fred Goudy which was shared by few men at the time and shared by fewer still as time passed.

The following editorial which appeared in the second number of *Arts Typographica* reveals more of Goudy, the man, than would the results of a psychologist's personality test. It was his modesty and charming directness that made him such an "unconscious publicist" and in

later years brought to his door an astounding amount of attention.

"The editor of *Ars Typographica* labors under a considerable disadvantage as he is in no sense a literary person with any gift of expression. He is a craftsman and designer more interested in his work as a designer of types and their use than in mere writing. What writing he does is solely with a view to setting down in a definite form the conclusions of a craftsman in the hope of helping some printer who has an imperfect understanding of the principles underlying design and typography. "He does not feel that he is on equal ground with the captious critic whose business is writing, nor will he make any attempt to controvert criticism. The editor does not doubt that this magazine might be better if edited by another hand, but having conceived the idea of presenting his thoughts in this form he prefers to do so in his own way, hoping to find his account with those readers who will look for the wheat in the chaff and bear with his idiosyncrasies. As far as possible he wishes to please his readers, but on the other hand the publisher's announcement clearly outlined what he proposed to furnish. Up to the present, 'artists, engravers, authors, and enthusiastic collectors have monopolized the literature of bookmaking.' Will you not allow the craftsman his turn and read between the lines if perchance literary expression fails him here and there?"

Late in 1919, Goudy was in Philadelphia, and the

president of the Mr. Dove, told S. Lanston, that he Goudy; and in position with the president that he home the Goudy wrote back to F. whereby he was general supervi not to be compel He named a salary own value, and Lanston accepts and contracts with parties concerned

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president of the Lanston Monotype Machine Company, Mr. Dove, told Sol Hess, type designer in the employ of Lanston, that he would like to see Mr. Goudy. Hess told Goudy; and in an interview, Mr. Dove offered him a position with the company. Goudy told the Lanston president that he would talk it over with his wife. At home the Goudys put their heads together and Goudy wrote back to Philadelphia suggesting an arrangement whereby he would have the title of art director with general supervision over matters typographic and was not to be compelled to offer them every face he designed. He named a salary, characteristically underestimating his own value, and Mrs. Goudy made him ask for more. Lanston accepted, Goudy was called to Philadelphia, and contracts were signed to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

The first face that Goudy designed for the Monotype Company was an immediate success. In four months over sixty thousand dollars worth were sold in the United States. The face, Garamont, is a reproduction of an alphabet thought to have been drawn by Claude Garamond. Writing about the face, Goudy has said: "I made no attempt to eliminate the mannerisms or deficiencies of that famous letter, realizing they came not by intention but through the punchcutter's handling, his lack of tools of precision, crude materials, etc., working by eye and not by rule. I did, however, find it impossible to eliminate from my drawings the subtle something we

call personality—that something made up of items so intangible as practically to be imperceptible when individual types are compared yet clearly manifest when the page as a whole is viewed—items that are the outcome of a mind firmly fixed on the end aimed for and not merely an exhibition of his skill as a copyist."

Goudy closely followed his Garamont success with a success in his next type, the Italian Old Style. In addition to his duties in type design for the Monotype Company, he was often asked by the company to address Craftsmen's Clubs and similar organizations all over the country.

The Goudys had been living in Forest Hills for nine years, and during that time the community had been growing rapidly. It began to show signs of contractor's mass developments. No longer did they have "unrestricted views of distant country." Other things had been happening, too. At the age of fifty-seven, Goudy had become possessed of the desire to do more than just design type. Once it had been the ideal among type designers that to preserve the personality of their work, they must cut the punches by hand. Goudy believed that to preserve the personality of his work, he must reproduce his drawings more faithfully than they were being reproduced at that time, and in order to do this he knew that he must master the use of the machines for matrix engraving and type casting. He received no encouragement from those with whom he spoke of his



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Student admirers: Carnegie, February 1938



Approaching a Goudy 'punch-line'



In the Carnegie design studio, February 1938

new idea, and even a machinist. But he and he began to visit shop in the country at this time his Fore so that he was able. In 1922 they were in New York on the Hudson River who had "erected on the banks of the front of type and property had soon proved to be no was part of an estate which, before 1809 the property was titled as "23 acres of timber and a fruit, a never-failing mill." The trip was because through they heard of the solid house, and precisely what they and quiet, set on grounds and a excellent accommo-

new idea, and even Bertha told him that he was not a machinist. But he knew that he could do it, so Bertha and he began to watch for a combined home and workshop in the country where they could live in peace. By this time his Forest Hills plot had appreciated in value so that he was able to obtain a tidy profit from its sale. In 1922 they were referred to an advertisement of property in New York State just above Newburgh, near the Hudson River. It had been owned by Dard Hunter who had "erected a replica of a 16th century paper mill on the banks of the creek, where he made paper, cut a font of type and printed two books by hand." This property had sounded attractive but on inspection it proved to be not quite what they wanted. The land was part of an originally large and historic estate on which, before 1790, a sawmill had been erected. In 1809 the property adjacent the mill had been advertised as "23 acres of good land with a handsome grove of timber and a young orchard of the best ungrafted fruit, a never-failing run or rill of water, and a good mill." The trip was an important one for the Goudys because through the visit to the Dard Hunter property they heard of the property near the mill, an old but solid house, and a large barn and carriage house. It was precisely what the Goudys were looking for. Spacious and quiet, set away from the main highway, beautiful grounds and a creek running through the property, excellent accommodations for their work—nothing else

was needed so they sold their Forest Hills property and became citizens of the village of Marlborough.

Later, in an article, Goudy said: "The gathering together of the various paraphernalia of typefounding was one thing; the operation of engraving machines, making patterns to use for cutting matrices with them, et cetera, after I had reached sixty years of age, was quite another. Looking back now I am amazed at my temerity in rushing in where angels might well fear to tread." But rush he did, as the steady stream of type faces from the new foundry soon attested. It required every talent that Goudy possessed to succeed in his new venture. He recalled the mechanical proclivities of his youth and his later mature directness and ingenuity, and put them to work. The result was a foundry of unconventional machinery for the production of type, but one of extreme precision and efficiency. He adapted equipment meant for other uses or designed entirely new machinery so that the new Village Letter Foundry was as uniquely individual as any previous Goudy-saturated achievement. Within the sixteen years of its activity, the foundry produced about fifty-three new type faces. Mrs. Goudy figured in the new enterprise as she did in the Village Press. And Frederic T. also worked with them. No outsiders were necessary.

By this time recognition of his work was general. In 1922 he brought honor to himself and to his craft by being awarded the Craftsmanship Gold Medal by the

American Institute of Design for his achievements in the first time that printmaking was honored by the Arts and Crafts "Fifty Book" and in 1925. During a total of fifty books. In 1923 he was in "six eminent printers series." He was president of the American Association of Letterpress Clubs or Printers. The logical continuation of his work. It was well received. *Alphabet* reached

In 1925 he was President of the American Association of Letterpress Clubs among notable design industries, at the time of the *Artists and Industrialists* went together, the Exposition was in its interests to call delegates were in Rudge found little consented to "ci

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American Institute of Architects for his "distinguished achievements in the art of typography." This was the first time that printing had been recognized by architecture as a sister art. In 1923 three of his books were honored by the annual American Institute of Graphic Arts "Fifty Book" exhibit, followed by one each in 1924 and in 1925. During the first ten years of the exhibit a total of fifty books selected were set in Goudy types. In 1923 he was invited by the Grolier Club as one of "six eminent printers" to make a book for the "printers series." He was president and later honorary president of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and held honorary memberships in at least seven printing clubs or printing societies. His book, *Elements of Lettering*, the logical continuation of his *Alphabet*, was published. It was well received, reaching its third printing when *Alphabet* reached its sixth.

In 1925 he and William Rudge were appointed by President Coolidge to represent the printing industry, among notable delegates representing other American industries, at the *Exposition Internationale des Arts Decoratifs et Industriels Modernes* in Paris. He and Mrs. Goudy went together, this making his sixth European trip. The Exposition was similar to a world's fair, but it confined its interests to commercial and industrial exhibits. The delegates were expected to make reports but Goudy and Rudge found little of interest to the graphic arts. Rudge consented to "cover" the Exposition and the Goudys

made their first airplane trip—to London. The London Monotype officials tendered Goudy a dinner, attended by many of London's typographic notables.

The years that followed were comparatively quiet ones for the Goudys. They no longer had to open Fred Junior's bank for carfare: first because their shop was right on the grounds; second because young Fred was now married and no longer had a bank; third, and most important, because their work was profitable enough to satisfy their financial needs. Goudy kept designing and producing type. And he also had his grounds to look after. He had hired a man who planted corn and other vegetables, and his grape and strawberry vines supplied all of his friends.

Paul A. Bennett has said: "To know Goudy is a privilege that many share. The man is completely democratic; has no consciousness of his importance in the graphic arts today." Goudy would stop his work to greet anyone, and this helped make "Deepdene" a "shrine" to which "pilgrims" came in increasing numbers as the years progressed. There is a sharp line of distinction drawn between those who are interested in the graphic arts and those who are not. Among those who are, there is a feeling of clannishness that is unique in many of its manifestations. One of these manifestations has been a growing adoration of this simple, lovable man.

In a pamphlet entitled *The Friendly Goudys*, Sidney S. Wheeler tells of a visit to Deepdene that was typical of

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the reception accorded all visitors. On the way to Marlborough Mr. Wheeler relates that he and his companion rehearsed what they should say upon arrival, but Bertha and Fred Goudy met them at the driveway with such warmth that they found little need of formality. "Mr. Goudy is of vigorous appearance, genial of manner and wide-smiling in countenance. He displays a boyish enthusiasm and zest for living which belie the evidence of his snowy hair. Mrs. Goudy is a most gifted woman, charming and kindly in manner, keen and quick in her thoughts, and spontaneous in speech. Her bright eyes sparkle with cheer and friendliness." The visitors were then taken through the shop. "On the first floor of the mill were machines for matrix making and a desk full of drawings, manuscripts for books, etc." Then Mr. Goudy explained the process of matrix cutting and they went through the process, going to each of the three floors housing the foundry's machinery. The Goudys insisted that they stay for supper, and the guests were treated to one of Bertha Goudy's excellent meals and a session with Amos 'n' Andy. Mr. Wheeler told of the dogs that followed Goudy everywhere, and Mrs. Goudy's collection of birds in the aviary. In the evening they settled in Mr. Goudy's library and talked, the guests listening to some of the famous Goudy stories. The Goudys insisted that they remain overnight: that they should drive home at night was inconceivable.

Among the numerous commentaries which have been

written about the man, no one has dared publish a list of Goudy's achievements in type design without also saying that the list was "complete up to the moment." The almost phenomenal productivity of the Village Letter Foundry was amazing in some respects, and natural in others. It was natural because there never before had existed a typographic artist who owned and also operated the equipment necessary to translate his designs into type. No one before in the history of the graphic arts had devoted his life solely to that occupation, and it may easily be seen how, with the desire to produce new types and with excellent equipment on hand to produce them, Goudy was tempted to design more and more.

In 1929 Goudy made his seventh trip to England, again accompanied by Bertha. In the famous Stationers' Hall, in London, he was given a luncheon by England's outstanding men in the graphic arts. During the trip he was again tendered a dinner at the Hotel Savoy. When someone asked Goudy if there was anyone he would like to invite, he immediately thought of Edmund Gress (then editor of the *American Printer*) who was passing through on his way from Paris. Fred called him and swept aside a "no dress suit" plea and Gress promised to come. Goudy arrived at the hotel just in time to rescue Gress from the hotel porters who were ejecting him because of the lack of formal clothes. The *Inland Printer* article at the time of the Stationers' Hall

luncheon stated: "Goudy's reception recently in London . . . Sir E. Goudy deserved tribute as one of the greatest of our great designers."

Mr. Goudy, Bertha, and I were in England at the time of the home of Emery Walker, who gave Goudy a turning to Roger one in the room. Goudy's initials also met May Morris.

In 1931, when the exhibition of fine edition of Rip Van Kaatskill, the the was considered while Mrs. Goudy her largest under honored by the a celebration of Press. Meantime

luncheon stated: "Indicative of the continued recognition of his leadership in the art of the alphabet was the reception recently tendered our own Frederic Goudy in London . . . Sir Ernest Benn, who presided, paid a well-deserved tribute to Goudy when he introduced him as one of the greatest forces in the new power known as advertising, which, he said, owed much to the genius of our great designer."

Mr. Goudy, Bertha, and Bruce Rogers, who also was in England at the time, were guests during this trip at the home of Emery Walker. Mr. Walker, a little later Sir Emery Walker, was old and somewhat deaf. He wished to give Goudy a print of an engraving of "Kelmscott"; turning to Rogers, and in a stage whisper which everyone in the room could hear, he asked, "What are Mr. Goudy's initials?" During the stay in London Goudy also met May Morris, the talented daughter of William Morris.

In 1931, when the Limited Editions Club held an exhibition of fine books of three continents, the de luxe edition of *Rip Van Winkle*, hand-set by Bertha Goudy in Kaatskill, the then newest type design of Fred Goudy, was considered one of the finest there. Two years later while Mrs. Goudy was in the midst of the setting of her largest undertaking, *Frankenstein*, the Goudys were honored by the American Institute of Graphic Arts in a celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the Village Press. Meantime individual honors for Fred Goudy had

come from many sources. From Syracuse University he received a medal "symbolic of distinguished achievement in one of the branches of journalism." In 1932, began the annual Goudy birthday celebrations in which men vied with each other to do honor to the "master" whom the menu described as "having attained another year of work beautifully done, of honor gracefully received, and of life joyously lived."

It would be difficult to estimate the importance of the part that Bertha Goudy played in the life and work of her husband. From Fred Goudy himself and the friends that knew her we learn that her part was a tremendous one. She was the kind of a woman who kept encouraging her husband. When Goudy so often said to her what Morris said to Emery Walker, "Let's design another font of type," her inevitable response would be, "Why don't you?" When Goudy wanted to go to Europe, she said, "Well, why don't you?" When a guest, Robert Ballou, said that it would be nice to sleep under the stars at Deepdene she said, "I'll get you a mattress." Food becoming scarce in the early, difficult years was not a matter of a husband failing to bring money from the outside to his wife in the kitchen; rather it was a matter of husband and wife failing together in their work because of an ideal that was, perhaps, not understood by people other than themselves.

In December of 1933, Bertha Goudy was stricken ill at the Grand Central Station and was not entirely well

for two years. Goudy's friend and associate, Mr. Bennett, told me that he had seen her at home. In an article in the *Bookman*, Mr. Bennett stated that she was "brighter, more cheerful, more contented." We joked about the previous week's recovery was to come in the coming months.

Speaking at theenary of the Villa Maures, Goudy told his friends that he was sure of his obligation to encourage me for five years, and I accomplished a number of things. She has so many times, I gritted her teeth my faith and re often. In many ranks in actual; not, probably w type composition.

Later, Earl Emery said: "Her art was in things she did."

for two years. On Sunday, October 20, Paul Bennett, friend and associate of the Goudys, was a guest at their home. In an article written later for the *Publisher's Weekly* Mr. Bennett stated that: "Mrs. Goudy... had seemed brighter, more cheerful, than at any time since her illness. We joked at dinner over her gaining four pounds the previous week, and hoped her valiant fight toward recovery was to progress in similarly rapid fashion the coming months."

Speaking at the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the Village Press two years before, Goudy had told his friends something they already knew: the measure of his obligation to his wife. "Bertha has aided and encouraged me with constant devotion for over thirty-five years, and without her help I should not have accomplished a tithe of what I have been privileged to perform. She has been the staff that I have leaned upon so many times, the courageous partner who smiled and gritted her teeth when we had no funds, who renewed my faith and revived my spirits when they sagged so often. In many of the activities of the Press her work ranks in actual accomplishment above my own. I could not, probably would not, have attempted the details of type composition for which she is, in fact, celebrated."

Later, Earl Emmons, a close friend of the Goudy family said: "Her achievements were of practical beauty; her art was masterly, her principles sound, and the things she did will live as long as printed words are

revered on this earth. Her life of great labor was likewise of great achievement. . . her beautiful spirit, her fine energy and her great genius will ever be an inspiration."

Mr. Emmons spoke in the past tense because Bertha Goudy died early in the morning of October 21, a few hours after Paul Bennett had left Deepdene confident that she would regain her health.

If you could walk down the path at Deepdene next to the brook today, and pass the site where once the old mill stood and Fred, Bertha, and Fred Junior worked together, and if you could get by the friendly overtures of Alice Goudy's great Dane, Eric, without bringing Mr. Goudy to the door to meet you, you would probably find him working at his littered desk in the new studio addition to his home, completing a new book which he thinks he will call *Typologia* or working on his 111th type face.

He is working in a new studio because on a frosty morning in January of 1939 his mill—containing his machinery, his matrices, his press, and many priceless drawings—completely burned, and settled in the mill stream, ironically leaving intact only an unused brick vault which had been built to protect many of the things that had been destroyed. A great many people in America heard of Goudy for the first time in a dramatized version of the fire, and newspapers all over the country carried stories that told of his son waking at 4:30 a.m.

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suggesting that Goudy look out the window. They re-
lated that when he saw flames shoot out from the west
end of his workshop, he was so stunned that he tried to
draw his stockings over his shoes. Nothing could be
done to save the mill. Water froze as it hit the structure,
and for the second time he was forced to stand by and
watch fire ruthlessly destroy the products of his labor.

"A body blow," he said at the time.

"Rebuild the shop? It would be sort of foolish. I will
just have to sit back and let the world go, until some
day a better designer comes along or printing from type
becomes non-existent."

"I do not see much of anything I can do unless some
one is foolish enough to commission a new type."

In the summer of 1939, at the time that the new stu-
dio was completed, a 10x15 Golding Press was being
moved into one of the rooms of the large barn and car-
riage house at the side of the Goudy home. Mr. Goudy
bought a portable typewriter which he intended to learn
how to use. He was busy with designing and busy with
his new book; the site of the wrecked mill had been
cleared and only the scarred trees around the mill bore
outward witness to the fire. Visitors to Deepdene could
find no evidence of a "fatal blow" in Mr. Goudy's in-
terests or disposition. Instead there was even a certain
optimism, for now he had time to finish his *Typologia*.
And yet there even were some "people foolish enough
to commission a new type." Goudy is doing no "sitting

back" or "waiting for a better designer to come along." He may find time now, he says, to complete his autobiography, begun some years ago.

In one of his novels Thornton Wilder has said: "The public for which masterpieces are intended is not on this earth." But Goudy's masterpieces are decidedly intended for the public which is on this earth, and if his work has not received overwhelming support from all American printers, its merit is at least recognized by those people who appreciate the subtle difficulties of his art and his consistent triumphs over them. Many of his best types are not widely circulated. This is partly Goudy's fault and partly the fault of those who buy and use types. Mr. Goudy has never attempted to exploit his types by the commercial methods used by American and foreign foundries. He has not dangled his types and the names of his types under the noses of printers, nor has he sent out hordes of salesmen to "stir up the bush." Some of his best types are exclusives and printers could not buy them at any price. The matrices of some were destroyed in the 1939 fire, and no attempt has been made to restore them. A few have been salvaged from the fire but probably not enough to make up any complete fonts. There has been little demand to have them recut.

About two years ago, Mr. Goudy was asked to speak at an American Institute of Graphic Arts exhibit of the "Fifty Books." He refused, but said that he would like

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to ask a question. He wanted to know if anyone present could conceive of a German exhibit of the best fifty books of the year in which forty-seven out of the fifty books were set in American types. At that exhibit forty-seven books were set in foreign types, predominantly German. Some of the people present thought he was making political references, but Mr. Goudy was thinking of the plaint that had been his for so long, which he summarized when he once remarked: "I've probably gotten more praise during my lifetime than any other type designer. But the trouble is you can't take it to the bank and draw on it. Here I've given forty years of my life to the service of printing, but at a time when I need the help of the printers, they fail me. Instead of using native type, they import it from Germany. How can you establish an American school of type design unless you give American designers a chance to live? I'd have starved if I had been forced to depend on the printers of the United States."

Mr. Goudy has certainly lost nothing by lack of formal college training. His writing is excellent despite the fact that he himself thinks little of it. When he pens his theories of design or type arrangement, his pithy, well-planned statements show a keen mind. His *Evening at Deepdene*, a sentimentalized description of his estate, is worthy of W. H. Hudson. Goudy has even tried fiction in *The City of Crafts*, a fantasy; and has written numerous small bits and essays, like *The Type Speaks, To*

Squeeze or Not to Squeeze, Type Design: Past and Present, and similar works.

In June of 1939, Syracuse University conferred the honorary degree of "Doctor of More Humane Letters," an honor for which Goudy had long hoped, with the belief that his hopes would never be realized. At the presentation ceremony he felt regret only for Bertha's absence.

For years his husky voice and his capable pen have been carrying on a one-man campaign for simplicity and intelligence in the design and use of type. Headlines in newspapers and trade magazines have carried the following and similar headlines: "Goudy, Designer of Type, Decries Modernism," "The Tendency Away From Simplicity and Beauty Is Deplored," "Frederic Goudy Urges Simple Type," "Fancy Typography Is Impertinent." His plea is that of a calm, intelligent scholar, despite the fact that his remarks often look bombastic in print. These arrows he has often shot from his well-stocked supply: "Modernism is the wrong use of good materials." "When the typography develops interest and pleasure for itself alone and draws to itself the attention that belongs to the author's words, it becomes typographic impertinence." "Bad printing in the past was due largely to bad types; today both to bad types and the bad use of good types." He has never retreated or wavered since he announced to the world in 1895 that he was going to become the proponent of

a style which "he did in 1895 — few know that."

People have a Mr. Goudy's era of any artist. The explanation of the artist to make foundry was as humorous, half had the ideas, a them all to work there is more in as others have d or music, or in co-ordination c in music when expectation so itself in spatial ward its success ment leads to the design an integral mutual affinity beginning of a This may occur ters or it may be ence as a ride or for any consider

a style which "cannot be assailed." He still cries out as he did in 1895 that "Bizarre effects may have their place—few know the place."

People have always expressed the same curiosity about Mr. Goudy's creative secrets as they express about those of any artist. The curious expect an almost metaphysical explanation, a "burning light" of some kind that leads the artist to make superhuman efforts. When the old mill foundry was active, Frederic Goudy's customary half-humorous, half-modest explanation was that he merely had the ideas, a pair of hands, some machinery, and put them all to work. But in the design of type, as in any art, there is more involved. Goudy has found in type design as others have discovered in the writing of prose, poetry, or music, or in the painting of a picture, that there is a co-ordination of parts, a pull toward the finale. Just as in music where the whole completes itself in temporal expectation so in letter design does the whole complete itself in spatial expectation. In music one tone pulls toward its successor; in type design, one stroke or movement leads to the next. Goudy has found that in order to design an integrated alphabet in which each letter has a mutual affinity for its companions, he must get in on the beginning of a swing or a visual or kinesthetic "set." This may occur as a result of observation of other letters or it may be initiated by such an unrelated experience as a ride on a trolley car. When he has been inactive for any considerable time, he finds that it becomes diffi-

cult to lay the basis for this "set" toward creativeness.

Type is meant to be seen as a whole, and unless the design is defective only conscious analysis should reveal the parts. This has been expressed in psychological literature in the following terms, "The part-whole relationship of an integration lies in the fact that the property of the whole is so different from the properties of each of its ingredients that it can be determined only by forming the integration itself, and the slightest modification of any one of the parts will produce a radical change in the quality of the whole. A bit of salt added to a plate of soup may not change its taste sufficiently to become noticeable, but the taste has nevertheless been destroyed" Goudy himself found empirically that this was an essential quality that his types must possess, and he once wrote, "I think of design as the inventive arrangement of abstract lines and masses in such relation to each other that they form a harmonious whole to which each separate part contributes, but in such combination with every other part that the result is a unity of effect which satisfies the artistic sense." And his types prove that his knowledge of this idea is more than theoretical, as is his knowledge of every problem in type design. There is nothing theoretical either about him or his work. He has aptly said that he "debunked the type-founding mystery."

His work is distinctive because it is inseparable from his personality. It is more than merely a "style;" there



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Coudy at Deepdene

is something delicate was born because of types. He insisted on characteristics in strange workmen type himself. It does samples like that covered empirical through experiment. His friend, Francis, of the subject and mid-western boy, saying that he received it, equipped him he drifted. His disciple, his stubborn as they are of his life his work. An interesting and our nology so often a ualism has triumphed.

Fame is strange genius, and yet it of him. Nevertheless The Princess Vere fornia, an American, knows a twelve-year old

is something deliberately Goudy about it. His foundry was born because he was not content just to design types. He insisted that they lose none of their individual characteristics in being unsympathetically handled by strange workmen. So he cut the matrices and cast the type himself. It doesn't end there. His writing, especially samples like that above in which he reveals that he discovered empirically what psychologists have found only through experiments, shows that like his old Shelbyville friend, Frank Broyles, he has an intuitive grasp of the subject under analysis. The entire history of his mid-western boyhood, and the obviously random training that he received, coupled with natural artistic ability, equipped him for success in the vocation into which he drifted. His direct manner, his faithfulness to principle, his stubborn individualism, are as true of his work as they are of his life, since his work is his life, and his life his work. And it is here that Frederic Goudy is interesting and outstanding. For in a world where technology so often smothers the individual, his individualism has triumphed.

Fame is strange and fickle. Goudy has been hailed a genius, and yet there are people who have never heard of him. Nevertheless, stories like this one are gratifying. The Princess Veronica Emoukhvari, of Santa Cruz, California, an American woman who married a Russian nobleman, knows Goudy well, and tells the story of a little twelve-year old boy, the son of a neighbor, who owns

a small printing press. The boy showed her some specimens of his work and she told him that she knew a printer back East. He thought that was very nice. Then she said that he was also a type designer. The boy inquired who it might be. When the Princess replied, "Goudy," the boy brightened and asked, "Do you mean Frederic Goudy?" The Princess reports that from that day on the little printer followed her around like a pet dog. Her title had not impressed him one bit, but the fact that she knew Fred Goudy made her a person of great importance.

In his fantasy, *The City of Crafts*, Frederic Goudy says that it is "a city peopled only by workers in the art preservative of all arts, and toward which place journey all who excel in good work." There is a discussion in the City by men who bear the names of the world's greatest printers. "Not, indeed, every printer's name, but only the ones who had been judged worthy of the honor: As often as one among the earthly craftsmen is found to excel above others the Court is convened." At the end of the fantasy the "names of Rudge, Munder, and Marchbanks were ordered set down in the books by the Court."

But where is the name of Frederic W. Goudy?

We forgot; he wrote the story.

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THE ETHICS AND AESTHETICS OF TYPE
AND TYPOGRAPHY

*An address delivered at Carnegie Institute of
Technology, Pittsburgh, February 12, 1938
by Frederic W. Goudy*

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LAST FALL WHEN PROFESSOR GLEN U. CLEETON invited me to be one of the speakers at this Celebration, I accepted gladly, but I fear not wisely. I did not then realize that through the steady drafts upon its not too great depth, the well of my typographic thought had so near run dry, and it is only by considerable priming that I am able to bring up any fresh wisdom, and worse yet, I also seem to be running out of priming material.

But having promised, I set about the work of getting together some odds and ends of typographic lore which I hoped to present in as interesting a manner as possible, and the question of a title for my talk came into my mind. At this time, Professor Cleeton had not suggested to me the subject printed in your programs, so I tried this phrase and that without finding one that pleased me. By this time, after discarding a number, I began to feel like the young woman who had been given a piece of wedding cake to place under her pillow so that she might dream of her future fiance. The next day when

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she was asked of whom she had dreamed, she replied, "What do you think. I dreamed of the 69th regiment."

For more than twenty-five years, I have preached the gospel of simplicity, of dignity, of legibility, of beauty in type and typography, and only now am I beginning to feel that my words—so freely dispensed through the years, those arrows of typographic thought shot into the air—have not all fallen to earth entirely unnoticed nor completely disregarded.

I am glad to be here at this celebration of the silver jubilee of the Department of Printing. I have watched the growth and work of the department and have received with interest many of the items produced by the students. Myself denied the opportunity for collegiate or university training, I consider it a great honor to be asked to speak before the officials, the students, and the alumni of this institution. I do not consider myself a printer, nor even a typographer, although occasionally I do print; but I have studied assiduously the work of the great printers and of the great type designers of the past. I have studied them that I might pursue my own work intelligently inasmuch as I am no heaven-born genius. Yet even a great genius does not trust entirely to the resources of his own mind. Just as a great composer borrows another's theme only to make it his own by the originality of the setting, so the great designer ransacks a thousand minds, and uses the findings and wisdom of the ages to amplify and extend the boundaries

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of his own mental and artistic limitations. The genius who wisely recognizes precedent does not find that it is necessary to imitate his exemplars slavishly; he studies their achievements that he may add to his own store of ideas, and he draws with independence from the most varied sources.

No art, no great printing, nor any great type ever developed by the rejection of the canons of good design found in the work of preceding generations. Style, distinction, and originality have grown invariably out of a preceding style, not merely by taking thought, but by gradual modification of the older work to meet changed conditions of a later time—the new work hardly betraying its origin.

A little more than fifty years ago William Blades, an English printer and writer on typographical history—an authority, too, on the life and work of William Caxton—wrote a book entitled *The Pentateuch of Printing*. The title seems somewhat fanciful, yet there is, after all, an analogy between the Genesis of the World and the genesis of printing. The spread of printing is not inaptly typified by Exodus; the laws set out in Leviticus have a parallel in the laws and principles that govern book-making. Numbers suggest the great names on the Printer's Roll of Honor; and Deuteronomy may signify the second birth of the vital conditions introduced into printing by more highly improved appliances. For myself, I do not wish you to imagine that I am attempting

to preach to you, but if this paper were intended as an homily I might select as my text a portion of a passage from St. Paul's letter to the Philippians—"whatsoever things are true; whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." I draw your attention more especially to that portion of my text which refers to things "honest" and "lovely" and will speak of the ethics and aesthetics of types and typography, with little reference to the historical side. And now, having announced my text, we need not refer to it again.

First, as some of you know already, I am a designer of types. Now type design is a minor art, if it can be called an art at all. One thing, however, is certain, good type design may be practiced only by an artist with peculiar capabilities. One of the most essential of these is the ability to discover beauty in abstract forms (forms on which he lavishes his art), the shapes that have developed from the hieroglyphs of ancient Egypt to the work of the Carolingian scribes which now constitute the medium of communication. They recall to us the wisdom of the past and preserve the knowledge of today for future generations. The shapes we call letters are now classic, and we may not tamper with their essential forms unduly, lest we compel readers to acquaint themselves with a new literary currency. The letter-

norm, that is, the type, except its primitive, have taste, culture, modest and precise, but better suited to letter-norms than the clothing that is fanciful atrocious—so often seen, and actually de-

The types into not different in for commerce; of them, and to avoid any effort, attempt, rather, goodness for the and starkly efficient requires types as studied exuberant enough for certain to produce a piece of exigencies demand tising or mere cost a fine book. Und cry or belittle the but the printing, narrative should.

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norm, that is, the mere letter stripped of everything except its primitive and essential corpus, we may—if we have taste, culture, and feeling—clothe and make more modest and presentable, yet not necessarily more useful, but better suited to the thought it is to convey. But alas: letter-norms may be badly clothed, and by that I mean the clothing that gives us the tawdry, the bizarre, the fanciful atrocities—I had almost said “monstrosities”—so often seen; their use disturbs my sense of fitness and actually decreases their usefulness in my eyes.

The types intended for fine printing, in the main, are not different in form from those intended specifically for commerce; the difference lies more in the handling of them, and the commercial printer will do well to avoid any effort toward pseudo-aestheticism. He should attempt, rather, to present printing with its own proper goodness for the purposes intended, studiously plain and starkly efficient. Printing for commerce, to be good, requires types and the handling of them to be free from studied exuberance and fancy. Too often, types, good enough for certain uses, are employed in the attempt to produce a piece of work really better than the exigencies demand—that is, to attempt to give to advertising or mere commercialism the manner and aspect of a fine book. Understand me, I am not intending to decry or belittle the importance of printing for commerce, but the printing of an advertisement or even a simple narrative should no more be given the form or treat-

ment of an epic poem or dignified essay than a farm house should be built to look like a city mansion, or a cottage be given the air and character of an ornate villa. When printing for industry is too elaborate or too fanciful the more inexcusable it becomes, the greater is its vulgarity of display, and its impertinent indecency I find almost nauseating.

There was a time in the golden age of type design when a page decoration, a head-piece, a fleuron, a new type face might have proved a key to typographic distinction because it was recognized as the work of a master and respected accordingly. But by this I do not intend to imply that deference must necessarily be given to old types or old work of little merit merely because they are old. Many, unfortunately, possess shortcomings even as those of later vintage. Yet even the best of the old types should not be revived, imitated, adapted, reproduced, or copied for present day use with camera-like fidelity—prima facie evidence of modern poverty of invention (or artistic or mental laziness). The originals had matchless charm because they were stamped with the personality of their makers. The reproductions invariably lack the spirit of idealism of the originators and cannot fail to betray the fact that the faker can never do entire justice to the distinctive qualities that made the original designs great.

My own feeling in regard to this endless reviving of old type is the same feeling I have toward dead and liv-

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Professor Cleeton suggested a topic for my remarks. I imagine he had something in mind which I have not touched upon; he probably wished me to speak of the progress and development or improvement in type design that may have taken place in the past quarter century. I have chosen, rather, to ignore his suggestion and speak generally of past work and more specifically of my own conclusions as to types and typography. Yet, to be frank, I cannot honestly say that for me the years since 1913 have brought forth many outstanding types by American designers. It has been largely our German contemporaries who have produced the bulk of original type work, and it is a lamentable fact that for the past ten years foreign importations have almost driven our own productions into the limbo of the forgotten.

Printers, and especially users of advertising, have not been kind nor even fair to native talent; they have insisted on the importations of foreign types to gain the elusive touch of novelty. What incentive is there for the young designer to enter the lists if his efforts are sure to receive little or no encouragement in America? As I have frequently maintained it is much easier to design a type than it is to sell it and, thereby, put it to use.

The inexperienced designer says to himself, "I will design a new type." He does not as yet realize that who-

ever imagines a tree must also imagine a sky or a background against which to see it standing. He cannot imagine a type unless he imagines also its destination. He must have visions whose power is his power. He must deal with what is logical as if it were a miracle; yet, as a matter of fact, what he is attempting to produce is something which should long have been in his mind, perhaps without his being conscious of the fact, and from what he has studied and arranged he has now only to read and project what already is there.

And now I will say a few words about fine printing in its relation to fine literature. Fine literature, being permanent, demands a dignified and beautiful typographical setting, a setting that will preserve the author's words in monumental form suited to their worth. Printing may be adequate and entirely satisfactory for commercial necessities; yet, even that printing on which the craftsman has exercised more than usual thought and care for technical requirements, or upon which more elaborate details have been lavished, may, after all, be merely good printing. Fine printing requires even more than the points I mention; for it, type, decoration, proportion appropriate to the subject treated, its destination, and its purpose should receive equally the craftsman's most scrupulous and fastidious attention. Where the types are correctly chosen and their arrangement good; the capitals harmonious and suited to the type and the text; the paper pleasing to the eye

in tone, pliable and unobtrusive admirable—in the charming and yet is fine.

Print, to be fine, must include a beauty of its own. It finds ever an apt rhythm in consonance with the man over every printed leaf where the lines well-spaced detail pretending the thing adorned with like tools, being, too, is simplicity gained by of simple thinking beautiful by form organic and a delicate done on a fine expression contrary vehicle which requires. Printing becomes ever aims and high.

I have spoken enough, I am tempted about the type I need.

in tone, pliable to the hand, its surface kind to the types and unobtrusive as to wire-marks; and the presswork admirable—in that printing, the result may be altogether charming and yet not fine, in the sense that a work of art is fine.

Print, to be fine and not merely charming, must include a beauty of proportion. Therein, the trained taste finds ever an appeal to delight; a beauty of form and rhythm in consonance, showing the control of the craftsman over every detail of the work; and a well-proportioned leaf wherein type has been handsomely placed, the lines well-spaced, the decorations harmonious (no detail pretending or seeming to be more important than the thing adorned), of like origin with the types, cut with like tools, and with similar strokes. Fine printing, too, is simple in arrangement, but is not the simplicity gained by pretending simplicity; it is the result of simple thinking. The work must be fundamentally beautiful by force of the typography itself, its beauty organic and a development of its construction. It must be done on a fine type, and must have style—the living expression controlling both the form and structure of the vehicle which reveals and preserves the author's words. Printing becomes only then an art and a means to higher aims and higher ideals.

I have spoken of a fine type in the foregoing. Summing up, I am tempted to repeat what I have so often said about the type I regard as "fine." Type, to be fine, must be

legible, not merely readable, but pleasantly and easily legible; decorative in form, but not ornate, beautiful in itself and in company of its kinsmen in the font; austere and formal, but with no stale or uninteresting regularity in its dissimilar characters; simple in design, but not the bastard simplicity that arises from mere crudity of outline; elegant, that is, gracious in line; fluid in form, but not archaic; and, most important, it must possess unmistakably that quality called "art," which is the spirit the designer puts into the body of his work, the product of his study and taste. How many of the types demanded by advertisers or the typographic advisers would be able to stand analysis of this sort?

And speaking of legibility, I am reminded of a proof-reader on the *Tribune* who is reported to have said of the illegible handwriting of Horace Greeley, "If Greeley had written that dread inscription on the Babylonian palace wall, Belshazzar, himself, would have been more frightened than the Bible account says he was." I hope somewhere in these rambling remarks will be found here and there grains of real thought among the chaff, and that what I have said may not fall entirely on deaf ears. I realize that I have little facility of expression, yet my words are not those of an aesthetic theorist; they are the conclusions of a practical craftsman—practical in the sense that with my own hands, from blank paper to the printed page I perform every detail of my work, and the principles presented here are those that

guide me in my attempt to bring typography, to types, and I have to utilize the serve as a mere own handicraft an end in itself, a useful end.

I have been thinking of a lawyer noticed that I had caught a suggestion remarked, "I have time of this Court."

"There is some between trespass."

A man was I had never done wanted to say ending, so he asked how to end his reached a place his audience was to stop, but if audience was well, that

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guide me in my work. I endeavor by precept and ex-
ample to bring about a greater public interest in good
typography, to arouse a more general esteem for better
types, and I have never intentionally permitted myself
to utilize the message I was attempting to present to
serve as a mere framework upon which to exploit my
own handicraft, nor ever to allow my craft to become
an end in itself instead of a means to a desirable and
useful end.

I have been too long winded, I fear. I remember hear-
ing of a lawyer arguing a case in Superior Court. He
noticed that the judge was rather inattentive and he
caught a suggestion of a yawn. Rather sarcastically he
remarked, "I hope I am not trespassing unduly on the
time of this Court."

"There is some difference," His Honor replied, "be-
tween trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."

A man was asked to make an address, something he
had never done before. When he wrote out what he
wanted to say he couldn't seem to make a satisfactory
ending, so he asked a friend accustomed to giving talks
how to end his speech. His friend said, when he had
reached a place where everything had gone off well and
his audience was still interested, that was a good place
to stop, but if he reached a point where he sensed the
audience wasn't with him and he wasn't doing so
well, that was a damned good place to stop.

I seem to have reached that point.

This volume was produced as a student project in the 1940-41 class in Printing Production of the Department of Printing at Carnegie Institute of Technology. Student assignments were as follows: machine composition, Walter Pretzatz, Lip King Wong, and Bernard Lewis; hand composition, make-up, and lock-up, Walter Pretzatz, Donald H. Opel, and Kenneth M. Macrorie; proofreading, Howard N. Keefe; presswork, John S. Anderson and Donald H. Opel; correcting original galleys, Irwin Cozier. Supervision assignments: typography and production, Charles W. Pitkin; Monotype composition, Stanley Hlasta; illustrations and binding, Homer E. Sterling; presswork, Kenneth R. Burchard; proofreading, Glen U. Cleeton. The illustrations in collogotype were printed by the Fredrick Photogelatine Press of New York City. The Russell-Rutter Company of New York bound the book. Six hundred copies were distributed as keepsakes by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and one thousand copies were issued to individual subscribers by the Carnegie Department of Printing. Monotype Goudy Village 410 was used for text pages. The paper used both for illustrations and type pages was Worthy Sterling Laid; printed on a Miller Simplex Press.

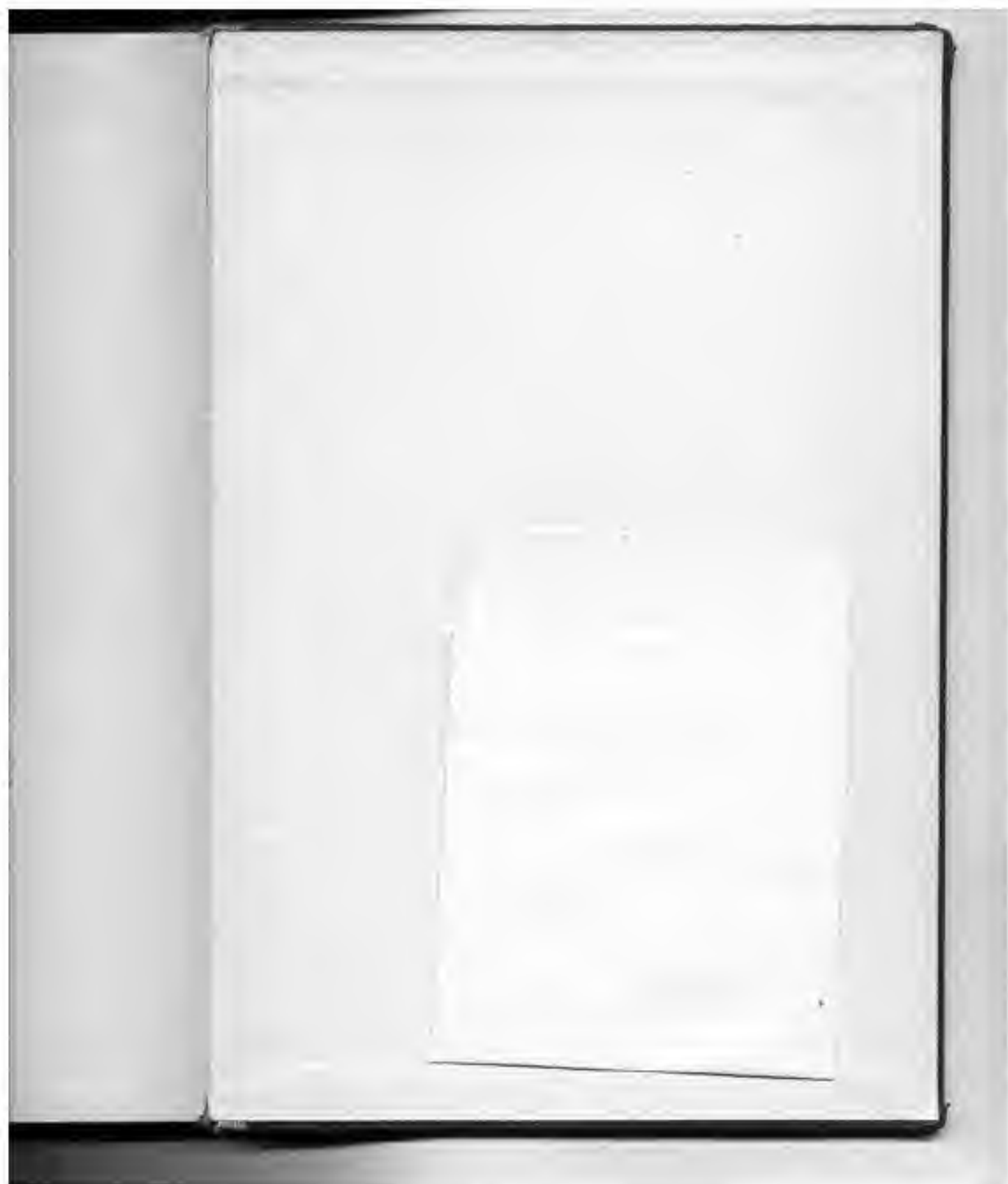
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